

VOL. LII.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, December 3rd, 1902.

No. 1344.



PUCK



Christmas-1902

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

PRICE 25C.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

Pleasant Valley Wines Make Christmas Pleasant!

GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

Has stood the test of
experts, was awarded
the only



GOLD MEDAL

given to an American Champagne at
the Paris Exposition in 1900 and has
the unqualified endorsement of every
American connoisseur. It possesses in a
high degree every quality desirable in

A FINE TABLE WINE

and is far less expensive than the imported.

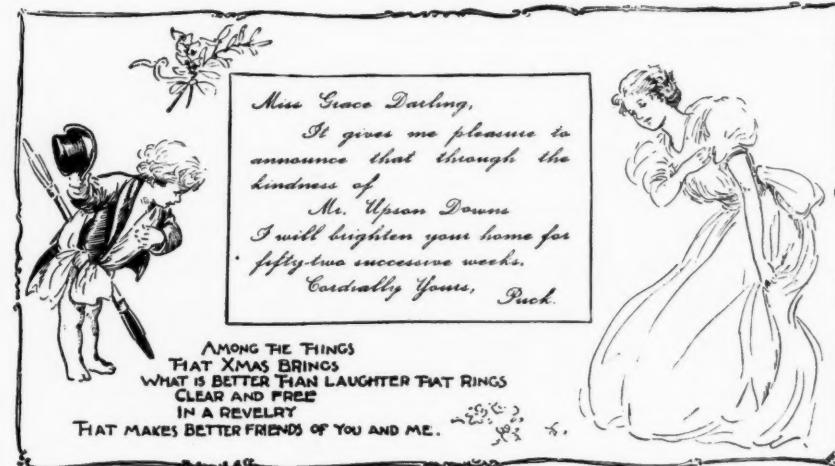
PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.

Sole Makers

Rheims, N. Y.

Sold by all respectable wine dealers

ARE YOU
LOOKING
FOR A GOOD,
ACCEPTABLE AND
INTERESTING
Christmas Present



**HERE A Year's Subscription to PUCK
IT IS: and Puck's Christmas Card**

Many people have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription to PUCK as

...A SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT...

but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a subscription to PUCK to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card, of which the above reduced sketch gives the design in outline.

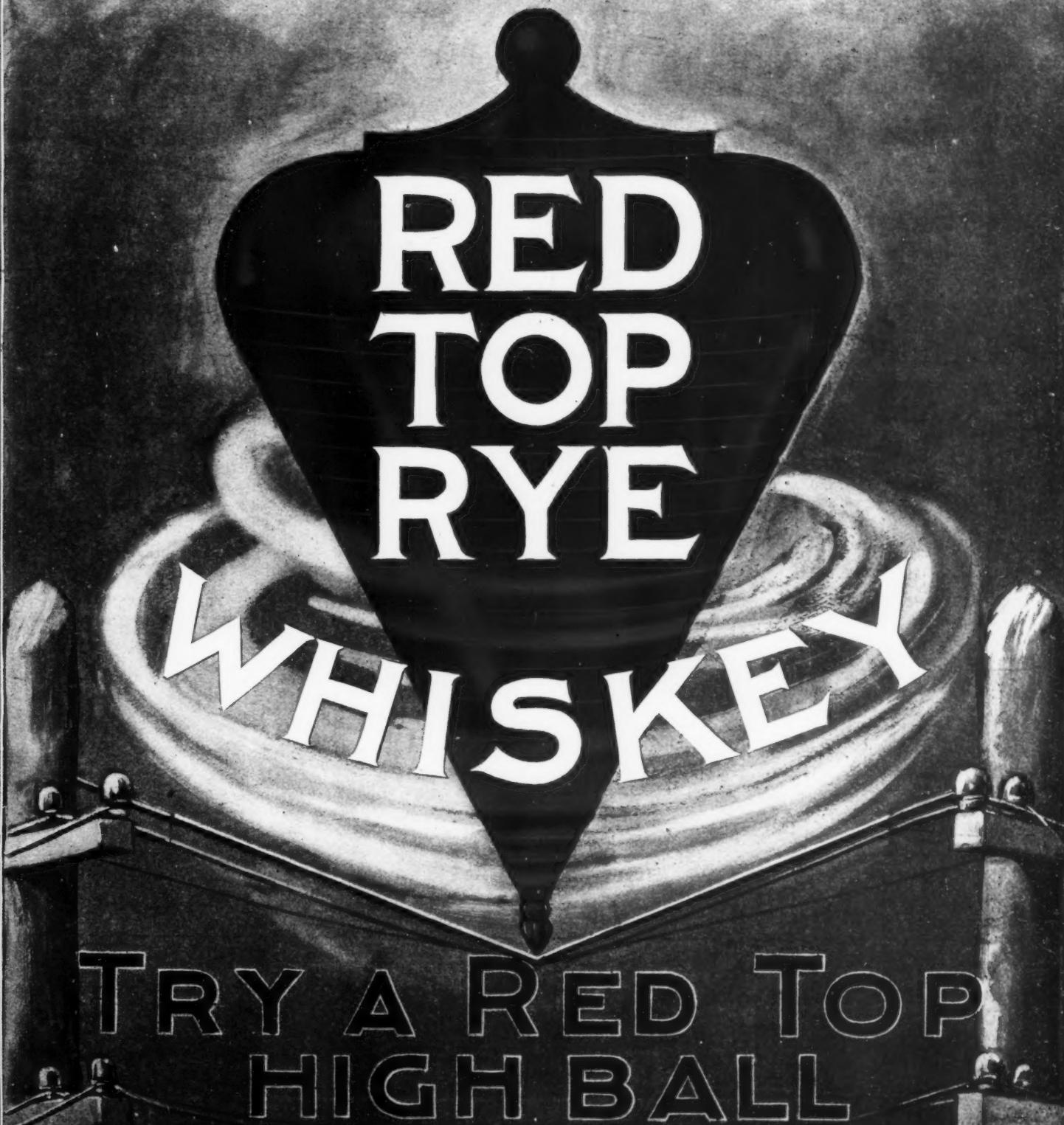
This card, (size 7x4½ inches,) printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an Album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of the giver and receiver are printed on the card as indicated.

*Now, here is something tangible to give;
To send by mail to distant dear ones;*

To put in the stocking, or to lay under the Xmas tree.

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making a suitable Xmas present.

Address PUCK, NEW YORK.



TO MAKE A HIGH BALL

(USE TALL GLASS)

Place one square lump of ice in the glass. Pour average drink of
RED TOP RYE over ice. Fill the glass with White Rock or Apollinaris.
Add small piece of lemon peel, or oil twisted from lemon peel.
Drink while effervescent.

On application we will give you the names of all Dealers in your vicinity who handle RED TOP RYE

"If it's RED TOP RYE it's right"

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS, Distillers
CINCINNATI, OHIO, or ST. JOSEPH, MO., or LOUISVILLE, KY.

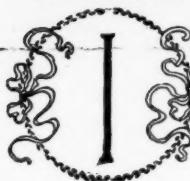


No sweeter or more acceptable CHRISTMAS BOX can be suggested than a box of the genuine

Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER

Delightful for the HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET and BATH. Most refreshing after Shaving.

THE BLACK FAIRY OF CHRISTMAS TIDE.



'M THE Black Fairy of Christmas Tide,
Your old Saint Nicholas, his despair;
For never he knows when a box he's tied
That I've not hidden my present there.

Upon the Springtime, when holiday
Old Santa makes and his latch he hooks,
Then into his office I break my way
To study the names on his set of books.

Off all my clerks are despatched to see
How last year's gifts were received, and who
Considered their presents the best could be,
And who were doubtful if theirs would do.

Not one dissatisfied soul I spare;
For when next Autumn Nick opens shop
To get to packing, I'm watching there,
In every package of theirs to drop

My "Oh-how-much-I-had-rather-had,"
A germ that flies when the covers lift
Right out of the box to the girl or lad
And surely ruins the fairest gift. *

You'd wish your gun was a silly slate,
Though you had begged for a gun for days;
And you would look on your doll with hate
And wish you'd gotten a pair of stays.

So all be wary, I warn, of me,
Lest discontentment be at your side,
And a day of mourning for you shall be
The blessed morning of Christmas Tide!

Layton Brewer.

"The King's Highway."

TO THE
GATEWAYS OF COMMERCE
THROUGH THE
CENTERS OF POPULATION,

adding greatly to the interest of your journey, without increasing its expense beyond what you would expect to pay for the "best," which you secure if you travel by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

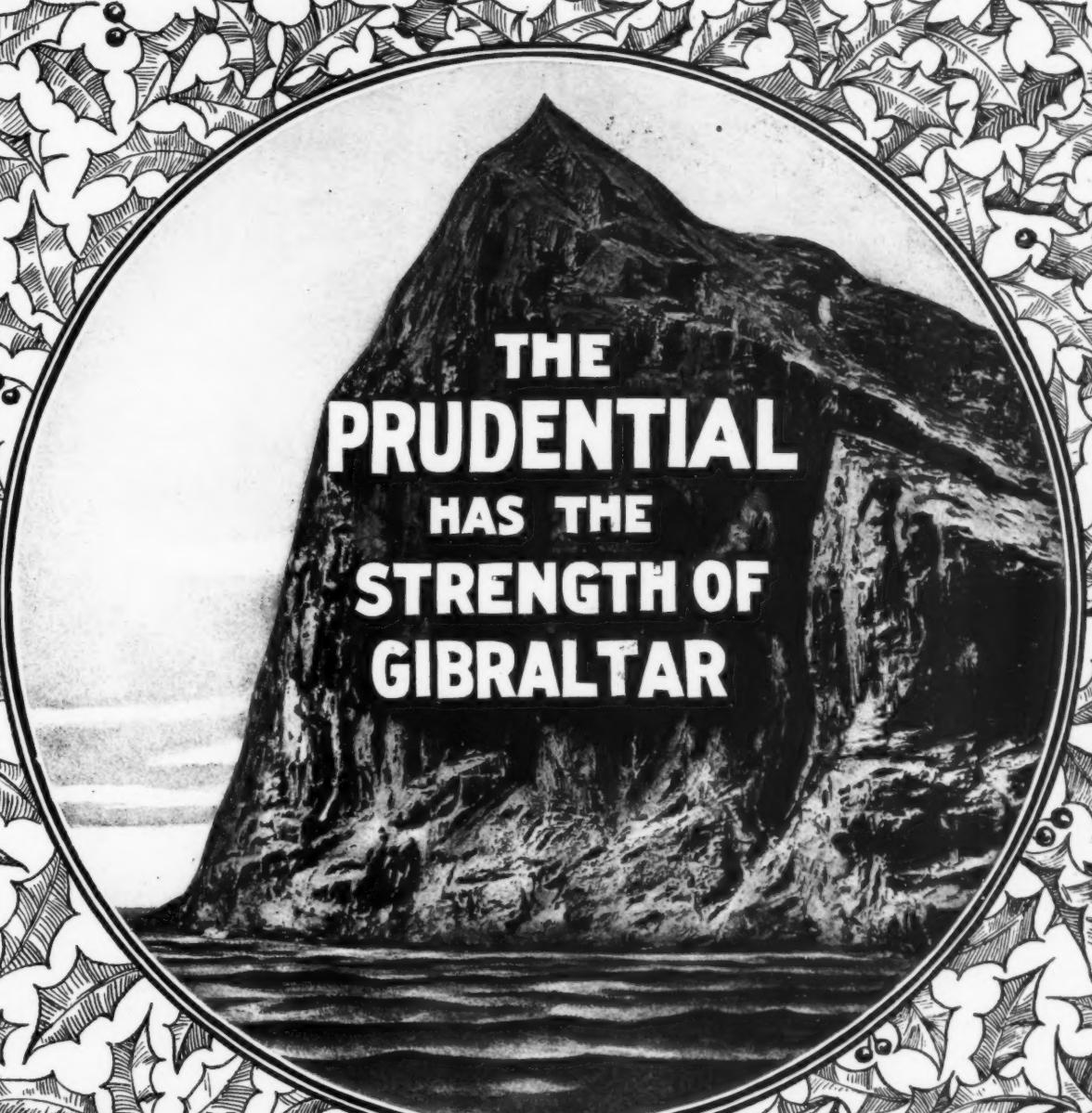
A Copy of "Four-Track Series" No. 13, "Urban Population in 1900," will be sent free, on receipt of a two-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River R. R., Grand Central Station, New York.

Pabst New Malt Beer

Made by a new malting process, in a new malt-house, under absolutely perfect conditions.

Our malting process requires eight days at an increased cost of 20 per cent over other methods of four and five days.

The better the malt the better the beer.



**THE
PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR**

WISE MEN FROM THE EAST

Brought Valuable Gifts to Express
their Devotion. Wise Men of To-day Regard

LIFE INSURANCE
in

THE PRUDENTIAL

As one of the Most Valuable Gifts
they can Bestow on their Families.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA

John F. Dryden,
President.

Write for Information,
Dept. P

Home Office,
Newark, N.J.



FIRST AID TO THE ANXIOUS.

INQUIRER.—Good Friday was Robinson Crusoe's faithful servant.

LITTLE WILLY.—“Beetle-browed” is merely a figure of speech. As a matter of fact, beetles have no brows.

BOOBIE.—You are snarled. You do not mean “Iceland's Greasy Mountains,” but “Greenland's Icy Mountains.”

KINN.—If your brother-in-law has lost his mind over ping-pong, console yourself with the thought that what is his loss is nobody else's gain.

PENDALLY.—Your frantic efforts to make “influenza” rhyme with “Wednesday” indicate that, instead of possessing the true poetic fire, you have a cork soul.

AKINHEAD.—You have been misinformed regarding the boy King of Spain. While he is pitifully pale and slender for a sixteen-year-old lad, he is by no means insane. He does not favor Free Silver, but is merely 16 too wan.

M. T.—A brown study may be secured by painting it all over on the inside with a dye made from walnut skins. Catch and skin your walnuts, beat the pelts to a pulp, dissolve them in alcohol, and then wait three weeks for the stain to wear off from your hands.

GENTLEMAN FARMER.—Pay no attention to the insinuations of your neighbor, honest Farmer Neckwhiskers, that your hired man has planted the turnip seed upside down. He is merely trying to hurrah you. Nobody but a professional contortionist could work in that attitude, and there is no inverse ratio, perpendicular or bias, to turnip seeds, anyhow.

KRALL A. LONG.—An infallible remedy for dyspepsia, melancholia, lassitude, distemper, loss of popularity, etc., consists of equal parts of wood-saw or lawnmower,—accordin' to the time o' year,—horse-sense, a recollection of the fact that there is always somebody a heap worse off than you are, and a total avoidance of health foods. This treatment, regularly persisted in, and accompanied by perpetual silence regarding your own aches and symptoms, a readiness to pay your bills, and an absolute teetotalism in the matter of political, doctrinal and marital controversies, will soon put a glow on your cheek, a wire-edge on your appetite, a bloom on the future, and enable you to eat anything you can insert into your head.

DOTING MAMA.—Bert. is an abbreviation of Bertram, signifying, we are told, “bright raven.” Personally, however, I have never had the pleasure of meeting a Bert. of sufficient brightness to set anybody ravin' about it. Ezra means “stingy;” Oscar stands for “gawk,” and Horace signifies “lobster.” Elmer means “guitar-player;” Clarence is “one who lives on his Papa;” Bill signifies “red-nosed;” Ike means “constable,” and Percy is a “barber.” Hannibal, “bashful;” Jack, “bartender;” Luther, “henpecked;” Claude, “lazy;” and Eben, “warts.” Lillie means “negress;” Tiny stands for “fat;” Mayme means “red hair;” Marguerite implies “bad spelling;” Gladys Maud indicates a “fool-mother;” and there are others.

Tom P. Morgan.

THE MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

His lordship needs to settle up,
Nor hesitates to own
He's looking for an heiress
Who needs to settle down.

POTATOS are pretty high, but we understand American Beauty roses remain the favorite holiday token for a gentleman to send a lady.

1824 A.D.

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS

The World's Best Tonic Imported from Trinidad B.W.I.

No better Turkish Cigarette can be made

Egyptian Deities

Cork Tips as well

Unrivaled appetizing tonic and stomach corrective. In Punch, Lemonade, Water Ices, Soda Water, Grape Fruit, Sherry and all Fancy Drinks. Pure or in Sweetened Water as an Appetizer and Tonic. The Public is warned against cheap and harmful Domestic Substitutes and Imitations. The genuine is manufactured only by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS, Trinidad, B. W. I.

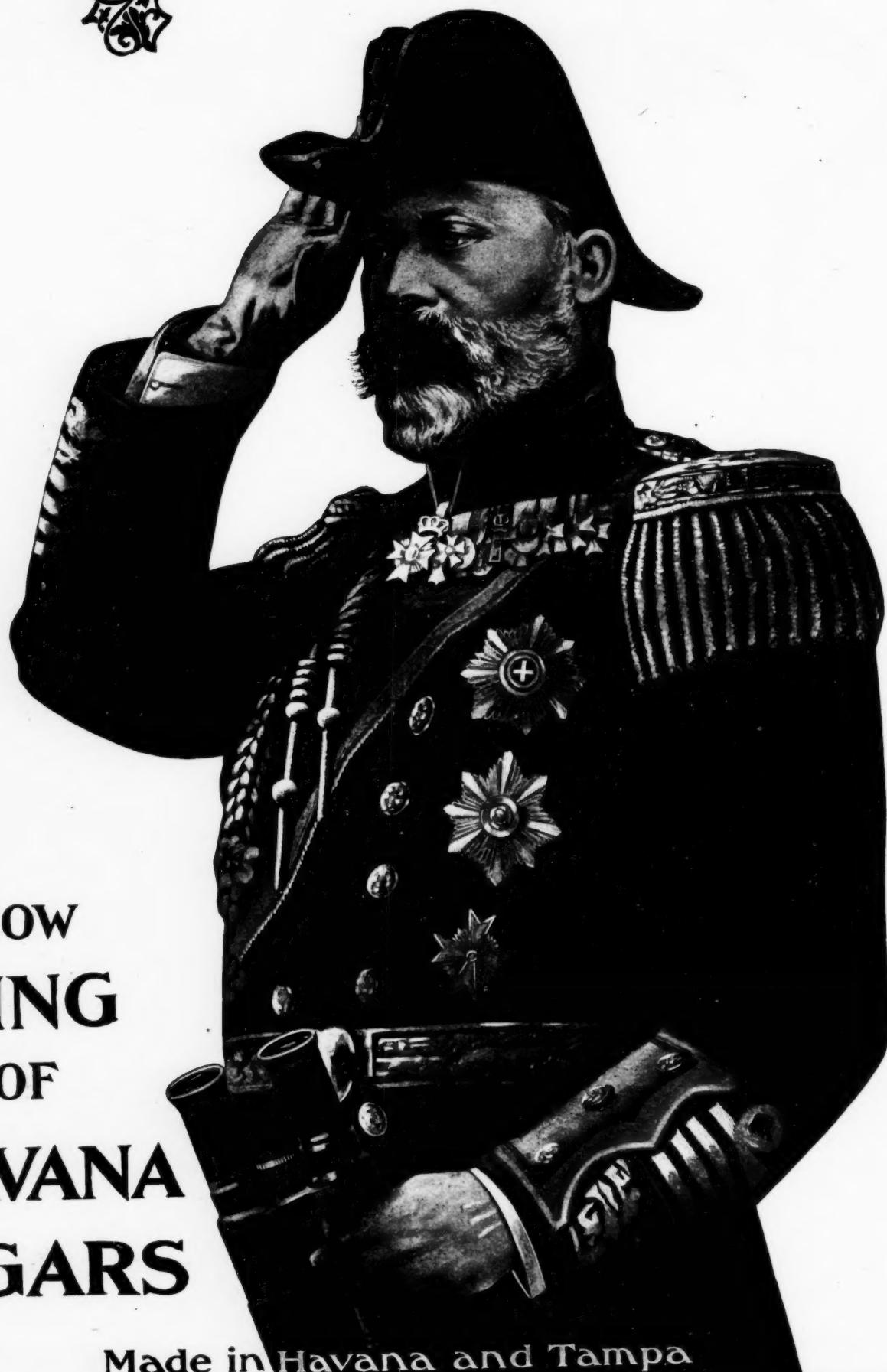
J. W. WUPPERMANN, Sole Agent, NEW YORK.

LOS ANGELES—Four Days from New York or Boston—By NEW YORK CENTRAL.

As Pears' Soap dissolves
Beauty evolves



El Principe de Gales



NOW
KING
OF
HAVANA
CIGARS

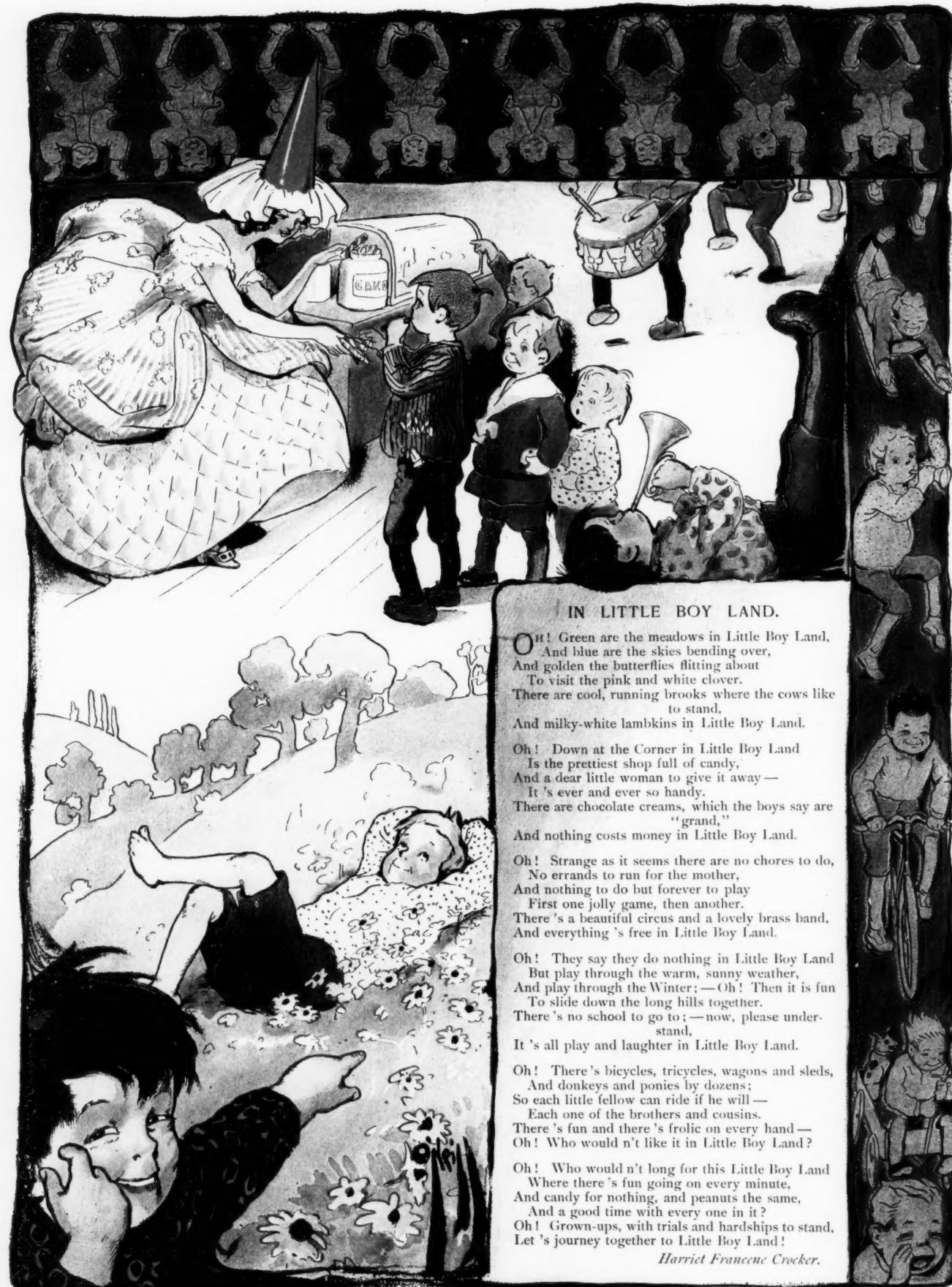
Made in Havana and Tampa

GILL ENG. CO.



*The game begins; and PUCK leads off
With laugh and jest and merry rhyme.
His stroke may never fail to win
While Wit's bright wisdom rules sublime.*

PUCK



IN LITTLE BOY LAND.

Oh! Green are the meadows in Little Boy Land,
And blue are the skies bending over,
And golden the butterflies flitting about
To visit the pink and white clover.
There are cool, running brooks where the cows like
to stand,

And milky-white lambkins in Little Boy Land.

Oh! Down at the Corner in Little Boy Land
Is the prettiest shop full of candy;
And a dear little woman to give it away—
It's ever and ever so handy.
There are chocolate creams, which the boys say are

"grand,"

And nothing costs money in Little Boy Land.

Oh! Strange as it seems there are no chores to do,
No errands to run for the mother,
And nothing to do but forever to play
First one jolly game, then another.
There's a beautiful circus and a lovely brass band,

And everything's free in Little Boy Land.

Oh! They say they do nothing in Little Boy Land
But play through the warm, sunny weather,
And play through the Winter;—Oh! Then it is fun
To slide down the long hills together.
There's no school to go to;—now, please under-

stand,

It's all play and laughter in Little Boy Land.

Oh! There's bicycles, tricycles, wagons and sleds,
And donkeys and ponies by dozens;
So each little fellow can ride if he will—
Each one of the brothers and cousins.
There's fun and there's frolic on every hand—

Oh! Who would n't like it in Little Boy Land?

Oh! Who would n't long for this Little Boy Land
Where there's fun going on every minute,
And candy for nothing, and peanuts the same,
And a good time with every one in it?

Oh! Grown-ups, with trials and hardships to stand,
Let's journey together to Little Boy Land!

Harriet Francene Crocker.



*The game goes on; we're on the way
To make a record hard to beat;
Our play is sharp and up-to-date
And lightly trip our facile feet.*

THE "DEN."

HERE where the walls are green and gold
And costly draperies unfold,
She ushers me and points with pride
To Eastern wares on every side.

Beneath this scarlet lacquer wood
There rests a vase that one time stood
Within a harem bathing pool
Somewhere within the Sultan's rule.

And here within this corner snug,
A Turkish pipe, a prayer rug;
A scimitar with wicked blade,
A Cretan table, gem inlaid.

"A 'den' for beasts," she quotes to me;
Then quick I find my repartee:
"I only wish of all the men
You'd make me lion of your 'den.'"

Victor A. Hermann.



THE SOLE REQUIREMENT.

LARRY, THE LANDLORD.—A gent has bet me that I can't shoot
the ashes off yer cigarette at twenty paces.

TOURIST.—But—But that would be dangerous, would n't it?

LARRY, THE LANDLORD.—Not a bit! All you want is nerve
enough to keep yer hand still.

HIS ECCENTRICITY.

LITTLE BOB.—My Gran'pa Totterly is a mighty queer old man.
LITTLE JACK.—Why, he's just about like any other old man,
ain't he?

LITTLE BOB.—No-siree! When he tells us children what a
hard time he used to have when
he was young, he don't act the
least bit like he thought we was
to blame for it.

PROMINENCE.

FIRST VILLAGER.—Si's wife,
she wants him tew paint his barn;
but Si, he won't.

SECOND VILLAGER.—Sho!

FIRST VILLAGER.—Si's wife,
she likes tew be prom'nent; but
Si, he don't seem tew hanker,
somehow. M'yeah!

A FAMILY SECRET.

ISAACS.—Ve're going to
haf a Gristmas tree.

COHENSTEIN.—A
Gristmas tree?

ISAACS.—Yes;
undt it's going to
catch fire.

LOVE'S LOGIC.

She was coyly eva-
sive.

"Do you love
me?" he whispered.

"All the world loves
a lover!" she faltered.

"And you are all the
world to me!" cried the
youth, rapturously, with the
sweet illogicalness of his kind.



AN IMPORTANT SERVICE.

FERDINAND FISH.—That Frog is a
great friend of mine. He often goes to
the surface to take a look around and
let me know if anybody is fishing.

THE REGULAR THING.

CLEVERTON.—You've been pretty ill, have n't you?

DASHAWAY.—Yes, sir! So ill that several doctors had to be
called in disagreement.

TRIUMPH.

The Sultana wore trousers of taffeta,
(Having purchased a yard and a haffeta
Bargain), and, now,
See the courtiers kow-tow!
Not a soul of them ventures to laffeta.

THE FACT that things do not meet with our approval does not seem
to disturb them as much as it does us.

PUCK

PASSED BY PERKINS.

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF A CHRISTMAS CATASTROPHE.

SCENE I.

(The large living room of the Perkins homestead at Dale's Eddy. Logs burning in the fireplace. ELISHA PERKINS sitting before them. — Time: Christmas time.)



ELISHA PERKINS (*monologue*).—Yesiree, switch me if I don't go and do it! Here's Christmas almost a-top of us an' ev'rything p'inting t' th' same old holiday fol de rols: sleighing parties, frostbites, schoolhouse spellin'-bees an' Squire Dusenbury as Santa Claus. Me an' Mother have spent just forty-nine Christmases on this here farm, the forty-ninth bein' no diff'rent, near as I can remember, from the first, an' it's about time, I reckon, we went an' spent a Christmas with nephew William. He ain't got none of these big rooms down t' th' city, all colder'n Greenland, 'ceptin' right plum in front of the fire. He don't have t' smash the ice befo' washin' in th' mornin'. He don't have spellin'-bees or Santa Claus Dusenberries with false beards. He's got a warm, comfortable place, William has, with cosy up ter date fixin's; an' considerin' the number of times nephew William's come around here in fishin' season, it'll just sort of even things up if me an' Mother drops in on William for Christmas. I kin enjoy Christmas down t' William's.

"There's that durn dog howlin' again! Somebody must be goin' past. Shut up there, you!"

SCENE II.

(City apartments of William Perkins. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins seated before the gas logs. Time: Evening in late December.)

MR. PERKINS.—My dear, I've got an idea!

MRS. PERKINS.—Well!

MR. PERKINS.—Yes; I'm tired of these stuffy Christmases in town. We'll get ready quietly and Christmas Eve we'll run out for a good old-fashioned holiday at Uncle Elisha's, up among the hills. We won't write ahead; we'll just surprise him. Oh! I tell you there'll be nothing like it! The cold, snappy atmosphere, dry and clear, the sleighing parties, the quaint old spelling-bees in the holly-decked schoolhouse, the Christmas festival when all without is white and still—Ah! The city man is a stranger to the real Christmas. Look at those gas logs—poor, flickering imitations. Look at that steam radiator—sizzling torment. Give me Uncle Elisha's big sitting-room, with the pine knots roaring in the fireplace and a fragrant warmth penetrating the farthest corner.

"Even now, in my mind's eye, I can see Uncle Elisha lovingly patting the head of his faithful dog as they sit together by the hearth."

SCENE III.

(Exterior of the Perkins homestead, Dale's Eddy. — Dramatis Personae: HIRAM, the hired man; MR. and MRS. WILLIAM PERKINS. — Time: Christmas Eve.)



REBUKED.

MRS. MONK (*as her spouse comes in intoxicated*).—Really, Mr. Simian, your conduct, at times, is positively human!

HIRAM (*the hired man*).—Yep; Mister an' M's Perkins they went, both of 'em, daown t' see some relatives in taown. Goin' t' spend Christmas, I call'late.

WILLIAM PERKINS.—The devil!

MRS. WILLIAM PERKINS.—Don't swear. Let's hurry home; we may catch them before they start back.

SCENE IV.

(Outside hall of Perkins city apartments. — Dramatis personae: JANITOR; MR. and MRS. ELISHA PERKINS.)

JANITOR.—Tough luck, sir! Mr. and Mrs. Perkins both went away this afternoon for the holidays. Goin' to see some country relatives out at Dale's Eddy, I hear.

ELISHA PERKINS.—Gol darn it! Fishin' season wa'n't enough for him!

MRS. ELISHA PERKINS.—Never mind, Elisha; let's you an' me hurry back to the depot. May be we can get home t' the farm before Hiram sends 'em back.

SCENE V.

(The great sensational railroad scene. The 8:35 Express, first stop, Dale's Eddy, passing the New York Accommodation at full speed near Grassville. Time: Christmas Eve.)

THE EXPRESS.—Br-r-r—wish-sh—bangety, bangety, bangety, bang-r-r-r!

THE LOCAL (*leaving the siding*).—Puff—puff—puf-uff—ufufuff!

F.



HIS PROGRAMME.

UNCLE JOSH.—And you say it's the best thing in the world for rheumatism an' it's good for dyspepsy, too?

AUNT HETTY.—Yes! It's good for both of 'em.

UNCLE JOSH.—Well, I guess I'll wait till I've got both of 'em an' kill two birds with one stone.

ANOTHER TERM.

"He was arrested again for fast automobiling."

"Yes? He's achieving notoriety."

"Yes. One might call it motoricity."

PUCK



A SAD MISTAKE.

THE CLOWN.—The world 's a stage, and I play the Fool to-night.
THE PIRATE (*aside*).—Oh! If I'd only come as the Fool-killer!

PUCK



IN LITTLE OLD NEW AMSTERDAM.

I'm just a little Dutch girl,
From where the tulips grow;
Your folks are kind of fun;
In things they say and do;
Your city makes me dizzy;
But then, I s'pose I surely
How fast the people go!

of an Uncle Tom's Cabin company, which was threatening a descent upon the defenseless hamlet of Pettyville.

"Yape!" replied the landlord of the tavern. "And also thinner."

THE OBJECTION.

MRS. NEWROCKS.—Did n't you buy the picture?
NEWROCKS.—Why, no! It was n't dear enough.

NATURALLY, the people of the temperate zone are the most active, their climate being of such a nature as to keep them hustling back and forth between the Summer resorts and the Winter resorts.

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

Once upon a time there was a family who believed pretty much everything they read.

Accordingly when they saw in the papers that Wealth does not bring true happiness, they went in for Culture, Ancestry and Oriental Bric-à-brac.

But, although they moved often, and were careful each time to select a Good Neighborhood, they always found near them families to offer their cook a Dollar More.

Thus they learned that Errors do creep into Print, and lived much less nuttily ever after.

OF NO AVAIL.

"They say she is determined to marry a certain struggling young attorney."

"Well, if she has made up her mind to marry him I guess there is no further use for him to struggle."

PARADOXICAL.

"Shows have been thicker than common here this season, have n't they?" inquired the advance agent

CHANGEABLE VALUES.

Two heads are better than one,
Is true in some cases, no doubt;
But one is better than two
When the grip is about.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

ELIZABETH.—Madge is a perfect Bohemian!

JOSEPHINE.—Is she a Bohemian because she is hard-up, or because she has more money than she knows what to do with?

CLUBS.

THE OTHER.—And you will discuss Longfellow this afternoon?

THE CLUBWOMAN.—If every member is present. It is our practice to discuss the person previously assigned only when every member is present.

THE OTHER.—A courteous rule, indeed!

THE CLUBWOMAN.—Yes, it's courteous; and then, too, if any member is absent we naturally get to discussing her, and before we know it the time allotted to discussion is used up.



AT THE BAL-MASQUE.

CINDERELLA.—Gracious! Whom do you represent?

THE UNKNOWN.—Why, the King of Spades. How do I look?

CINDERELLA.—Like the deuce!

AN INQUIRY.

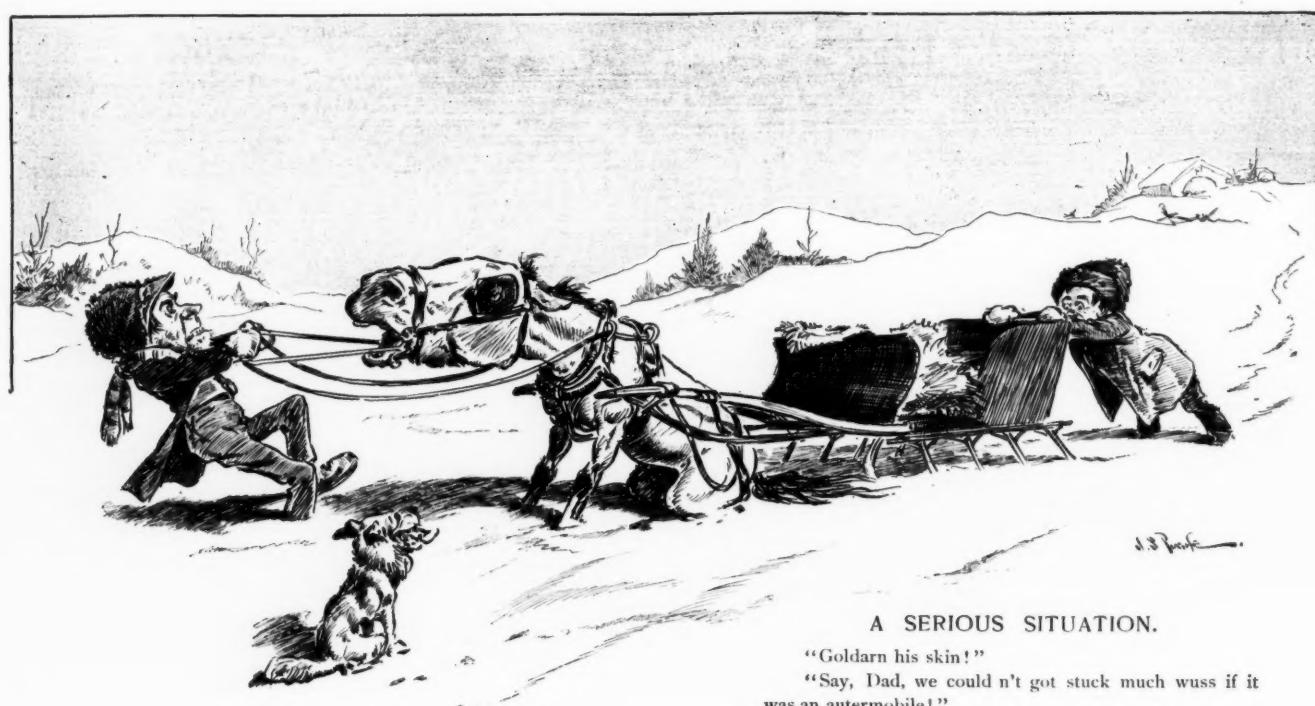
MONTMORENCY.—Father thinks it would be a good thing if I should travel.

CAROLINE.—Do you mean for him or for you?

MRS. HENPECK.—Was n't it Jefferson who said that government is best which governs least?

HENPECK.—I don't know; but if it was said by a married man he knew what he was talking about!

BUT EVEN where patience has ceased to be a virtue, it still lacks important elements of popularity as a vice.



A SERIOUS SITUATION.

"Goldarn his skin!"

"Say, Dad, we could n't got stuck much wuss if it was an autermobile!"

PUCK

THE ELEPHANT'S REVENGE.



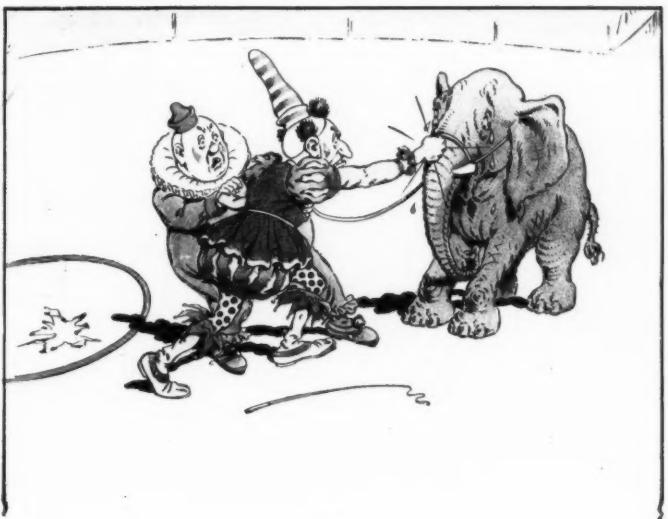
I.

CLOWN.—Come, Humpty, get a move on! The audience is waiting—



II.

"—What the deuce are you trying to do?"
HUMPTY DUMPTY.—It ain't me; it 's the elephant!



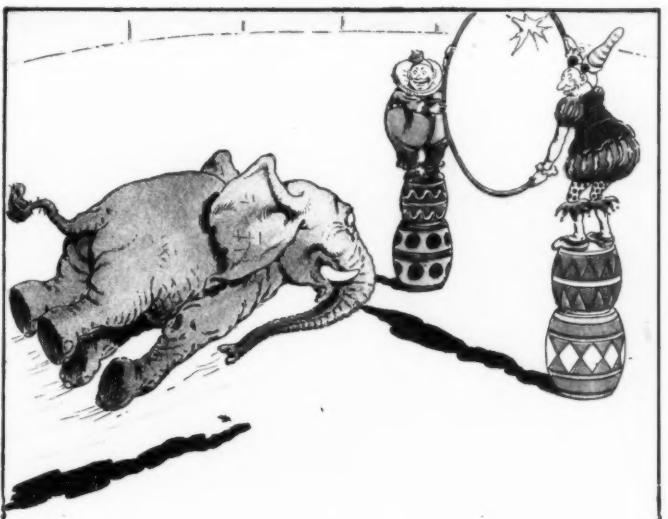
III.

"—Here, let him be! Don't you see there 's something the matter with him?"



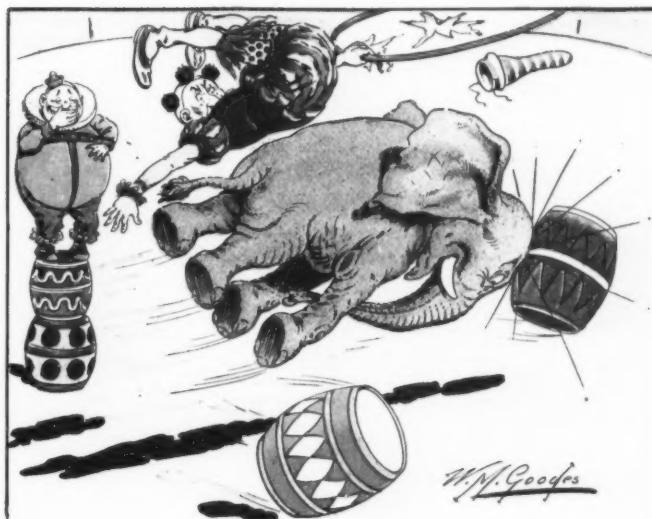
IV.

"—Just as I expected; —a big tack in his foot!"



V.

ELEPHANT.—Ah! Now, here 's where—



VI.

"—I even things up."

PUCK



AT THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER.

MR. SELFMADE.—We had a hard struggle with the world at times, my friends, but I suppose the world saw at last that it was up against Maria and me and just gave it up!

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH.



WHEN You have n't had a photograph taken for some time—or perhaps longer—You naturally feel a lively interest and considerable pride in the result, which was more or less difficult and troublesome to achieve. First, of course, You had to call at the photographer's and arrange for a sitting. Then, when the time came, You sat—stiffly and uncomfortably, wondering whether your collar, necktie and hair were all right, and suffering from a dreadful feeling of self-consciousness that compelled You to contort your face in order to keep it straight and natural-looking. The photographer used a repeating camera, which he fired three times at You, shifting You about a bit before each assault.

Later, generally a day or two later than they were promised, the brown and gradually blackening proofs are delivered to You. They don't really look so bad, after all, though your friends disagree as to which is the best likeness, and You finally select the one which Mrs. You thinks is the handsomest. The prints will be done Wednesday; then they will surely be done Saturday; Monday without fail, You can get the whole dozen, which are finally delivered to You Thursday.

The finished work is quite good. Everybody says so, for everybody is always willing to agree to everything when everybody has the opportunity of being so easily and inexpensively polite. As for yourself, You, not being familiar with your profile, had not suspected that the dent in your nose, which you acquired in childhood's happy and bellicose days, was nearly so noticeable.

Each of your friends wants one of the pictures, of course. You are too surprised at their interest to ask them why, or what they want to do with it, or even to think of all the photographs that have been given to You and Mrs. You, or You would n't feel so flattered.

When McJigger and his wife drop in for a friendly call in the evening, of course Mrs. You brings out your new photographs to be exclaimed over, and to compel exclamations of surprise that it had been so long since You had one taken before, when You take such a good photograph, being dark; dark people always take the best photographs, you know. Of course, the McJiggers want one, and, also, of course, You can't refuse to give them the one which, after a careful scrutiny of the whole lot, they select.

Then Mrs. McJigger and Mrs. You go into the parlor to talk about the Latest and what will be the Latest later on, while McJigger and You sit cosily in the library with a cigar and a little Scotch.

The McJiggers are pleasant people, and it was a pleasant evening; but, somehow, You have a feeling that is hard to describe when You find that the McJiggers have not only forgotten to take home with them the photograph, which they were so insistent on having, but that there is a stained and blistered ring on it, showing the place where McJigger set his highball glass on the picture as it lay on the library table.

It is an oversight that is hard to overlook; but, then, suppose they had taken it? Think of the whole dozen that have been distributed among your various acquaintances, and the demand still unsupplied—what becomes of all these pictures that looked, to You at least—and possibly to Mrs. You—so fresh and fair and handsome?

Mrs. You could tell You, if You could get her to admit it, that in a dirty, dusty box in the dirtiest, dustiest corner of the attic are dozens of pictures of your esteemed, lovable and loving friends.

But, then, something has to be done with them, you know.

Wood Levette Wilson.

PUCK

A CHRISTMAS CABLE.

I SEND my love, across the sea,
The greetings of the season;
The message must be brief, but she
Will understand the reason.

To "Sweetheart, London"—thus it reads—
"Love; kisses; lonesome; waiting."
I'm sure that my devotion needs
No more elaborating.

My name I really need n't sign—
'T will make the message shorter—
She'll know, of course, it must be mine—
And each word costs a quarter

* * *
How like his vanity, the dunce!
To think a girl like Mabel—
Engaged to seven men at once—
Could think who sent that cable!

So from New York the message went,
And she, from Piccadilly,
In duplicate her answer sent
To Jerry, Jack and Billy

Frank Roy Batchelder.



THE USUAL THING.

"She is a very outspoken woman."
"Yes; and, as a natural consequence,
her husband's speech is mostly of the in-
growing variety."

WHERE IT HURT HIM.

MISS JENKINS.—I hope your heart is not broken at my refusal,
Mr. Hopkins.

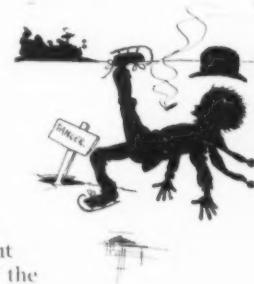
MR. HOPKINS.—No, Miss Jenkins, worse than that;
my æsthetic nature is deeply, irreparably wounded
at your lack of taste.

KNOWLEDGE.

"I thought he knew how to skate."
"So he does. He's aware that that is n't the
way!"

AS HE SAW IT.

SHE.—Surely no good can come of gambling!
HE.—Oh! I don't know. I have a friend out
in Chicago who turned gambler, and it broke him of the
habit of marrying.



THE PATIENCE OF JOB.

Job was toying with a potsherd when his friends called to offer
condolences.

"But," they exclaimed, "how do you manage to retain your
patience?"
"Well," returned the patriarch, "of course my sons were killed
and a few little trifles like that, but I have yet to hear that the cock
has left."

Thankful that the worst blow had not yet fallen they withdrew
and left him to his communings.

MUTUAL ADMIRATION.

At Christmas time I hear my friends
My virtues all extolling;
While I in turn kotow to them.—
What clever Yule-log-rolling!



IMITATION.

MRS. JONES.—Children are so imitative;—my little girl has been observing the cook of late.

MRS. SMITH.—And is trying to cook?

MRS. JONES.—Er—no—but every time I go into the nursery she orders me out!

Quite a few widows marry, it is supposed, to avoid the risk of being thought old enough to know better.



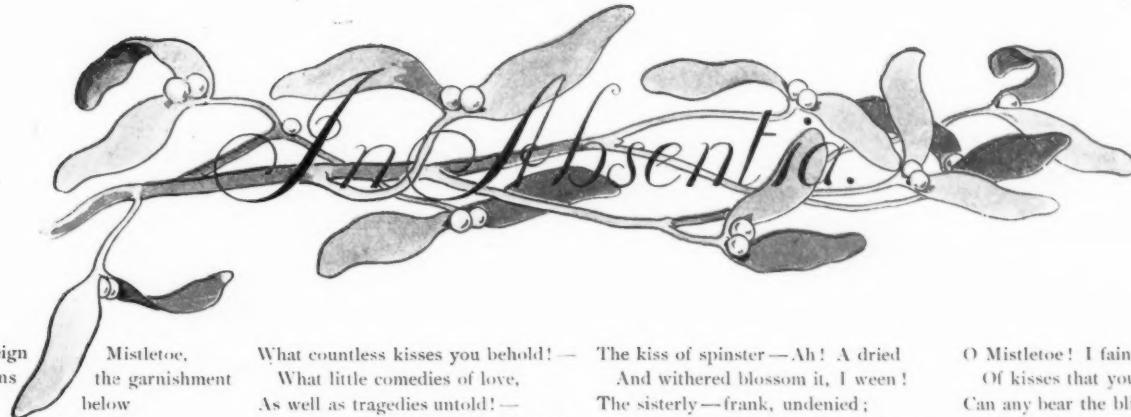
RUINOUS CITY NOTIONS.

FARMER GREENE.—That goes Josh Brown's young wife;—that's what ye git fer marryin' a city gal!

FARMER SMITH.—What's that?

FARMER GREENE.—W'y, she'll git onto them new trolley kyars and pay a nickel t' ride t' th' post-office, when, Gawd knows, it ain't more 'n five miles, if it be that!

PUCK



OH! Wondrous sovereign
The sprig which forms
Of sweeter dainties here
That chef Olympic
The favorite plant of all the earth,
By Amor grafted on the glade;
Glad affidavits to your worth,
The lips of many a man and maid!

Mistletoe,
the garnishment
below

What countless kisses you behold! —
What little comedies of love,
As well as tragedies untold! —
From wall and chandelier above!
The kisses long and rapt—and oft;
The kiss perfumitory; the smack;
The kiss reluctant, shy and soft;
The kiss that fails to land, alack!

The kiss of spinster—Ah! A dried
And withered blossom it, I ween!
The sisterly—frank, undenied;
The luscious kiss of fresh eighteen;
The bungled kiss, on ear or nose,
Which leaves both parties still athirst;
The kiss so deftly placed it shows
That it to neither is the *first*!

O Mistletoe! I fain would know
Of kisses that you hear or see!
Can any bear the bliss, you trow,
Of that which Doris gave to me?
Of that which thrilled me yester-eve,
When we two lingered by the stair,
And I—and she—but, I believe,
O Mistletoe! You were not there!

Edwin L. Sabin.

THE MULE'S KICK.



CLOWN to ride me instead of one of those peerless equestriennes! Well, if I get a chance I'll make the greatest show on earth of him!"

AN UPRISE AGAINST MONOTONY.

ETHEL.—On Edith's birthday I'm going to send her three copies of "Cricket on the Hearth."

BERTHA.—Why three?

ETHEL.—Well, she's sent the book to me for four Christmases now, and it's high time to put a stop to it!

CAUSE FOR CONTENTMENT.

"This will be a merry Christmas for me," said the man whom his fellow-citizens habitually described as a worthy-person-but-it's-too-bad-he-has-so-little-faculty. "You see, I—"

His glee was of the chastenedly-triumphant variety of one who is thankful for what has n't happened to him.

"—managed to get all my last year's Christmas presents paid for nearly two weeks ago."

AN OPINION.

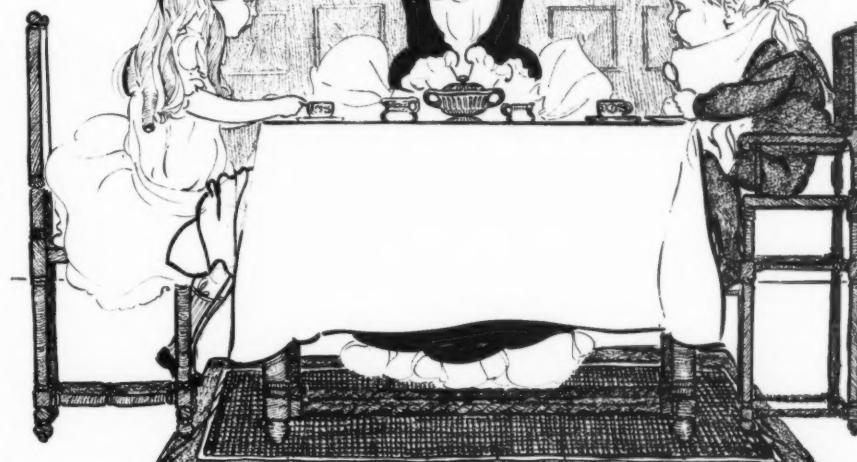
LITERARY EDITOR.—Talk about impossible characters!

ASSISTANT.—What's the trouble?

LITERARY EDITOR.—This book has a girl who did n't realize how beautiful she was.

THE SUCCESS that has no bank account must not expect to be intelligible to everybody.

A MAN'S clothes cost him less than ever before, unless he is married to an earnest Christian woman, when the cost of buying them back at rummage sales has to be reckoned in.



HIS EXPERIENCE.

HELENE.—Mama says we should n't eat too much.

ARCHIBALD.—But it does n't feel like too much until afterwards.

THE DEPTHS OF DISGRACE.

"No manner of use in your goin' to that second white house over there; the one with the big buttonball tree in front, and the green blinds tight shut," said the landlord of the Pettyville tavern, addressing the picture enlarger. "The lady that lives there don't take no interest in the things of this life any more. She never sees visitors, keeps the shutters closed this pleasant weather and never goes out in the glad sunshine, as they call it in stories. You see, her worthy but somewhat lumpy husband went to sleep at a piano recital one night, about three weeks ago, and snored like a coffee-grinder; and in a village like this a thing of that sort is a good deal more disgraceful than murder."

HALF THE FUN MISSING.

ALGY.—You know, you can buy sporting goods much cheapah at depawment stores.

CHOLLY.—Yas. But the twubble is you cawn't look sporty buying sporting goods at a depawment store!

UNFORTUNATELY.

DEDBROKE.—Gambling certainly does make a man superstitious.

CHIPPERTON.—Yes; but it does n't seem to make him think gambling is unlucky.

THE FEMININE WAY.

CUSTOMER.—The ladies seem to have begun their Christmas shopping quite early this year.

SALESWOMAN.—Yes; we expect them to commence their Christmas buying in a week or two.

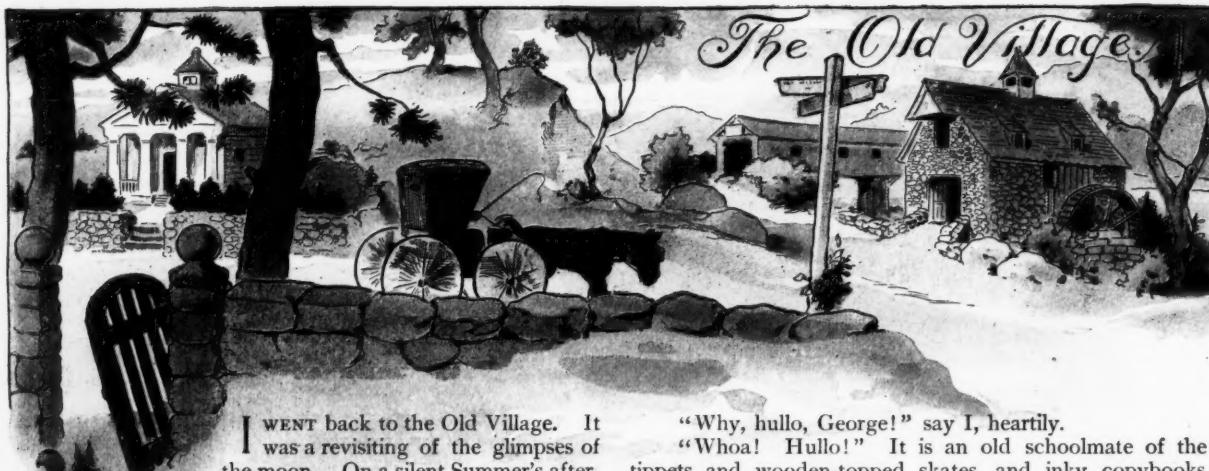
JUST AS GOOD.

JAGGLES.—How did that drug clerk come to jilt his old girl?

WAGGLES.—The new one told him she was just as good, so he took her, instead.

THE WOMAN who has more than one chance to marry is bound to have regrets, no matter what she does.

Nearly everybody likes to have people think that he knows a great deal more than he cares to tell.



I WENT back to the Old Village. It was a revisiting of the glimpses of the moon. On a silent Summer's afternoon I drove along the old country road that ran into the village. I had not seen the old road in years, and it was better known to me than my own face. I will not claim that the old silent road did not give me a feeling of melancholy. It seemed but the ghost of an old road, and I do not suppose it is in fact a real road now. The sun that shone down upon the fields touched them with melancholy, too. The trees that grew at the roadside were like dream trees. Their leaves hung still in the sun, and if they turned and rustled a little in the breeze (which did not seem to be a real breeze but only a breeze for the sake of old times) they straightway lapsed back into silence.

I drove down the hill, and over the creek and then up the hill, and into the Old Village.

The trees had spread their branches more thickly across the street, the moss was greener on the roofs of the houses, the grass was ranker in the yards, and the street itself, once monstrously well-beaten, looked like a lonely trail. I felt sick at heart. Was this what I had once called a town and regarded as a metropolis? It was more like a wilderness than a town.

Once only the rich and opulent citizens had had evergreens in their yards. Then everybody planted evergreens—that was in my time. Now these trees, once signs of hopefulness and ambition, were grown large and melancholy, so that each dooryard seemed like an *aside de mort*. Alas! Alas! thought I (for I drove with a country horse and had time to burn), alas, alas, thought I, what a curse to man is the evergreen habit! The victim begins, when he moves to the village and builds his bald new house, by setting out a few small trees. He deceives himself, saying sophistically that they will make his home pleasant; that even in the gloomy days of Winter their stanch green will make him glad; and in his heart he hopes they will be marked as a sign of wealth. But lo! the trees grow and spread their branches abroad, their spires aspire, the paths about them become narrower and impassable, and the man has to enter his house by a winding, furtive way. And the trees, far from giving green comfort to gloomy Winter, cast a gloom upon fresh Summer; and, moreover, while the man is standing in his door and wondering if the dank jungle is marked as a sign of opulence, I go by and mark him for a jay. And so it is with life's ambitions.

"Why, hullo, George!" say I, heartily.

"Whoa! Hullo!" It is an old schoolmate of the days of tippets and wooden-topped skates, and inky copybooks. He is driving a pair of fat horses and I can perceive that he is going after a load of lumber. When a countryman is going after a load of lumber he has a sort of holiday and unusual appearance that marks him. But what is he getting lumber for? What can he have conceived he wants to build?

"Well," we both say, trusting never to behold each other more, "see you again!" And he says, "Gedeb there, Jake!—Maje, gedeb there!" He knows the names of those unknown horses, and very likely he knows the names of his wife and children. How can these new things have impressed themselves on his mind? I should think he would remember only the names of the old schoolboys and who brought red apples to school and who could play ball best and what lucky Lotharios the girls liked to have their faces washed by in the snow. But these new and immaterial things, how can he take thought of them? I look back at him. He has stopped to talk to a man in the present. They seem to have something to talk about, but what can it be?

The old signboard is gone, but here is a new one. It is still, I see, 4M to Hayville, 5M to Strawville, 8M to Beanyville, and 16M to Bigville. I used to think I would like mighty well when I grew up to go to Bigville. It was pointed out as being at the end of a long mysterious road that ran darkling out of the village,—a road that passed the mill and turned abruptly at a tall thicket fringing the high bank of a creek, and then plunged through—what do you think?—if you would think, think of something ghastly and mysterious—a *covered bridge*! What a spot for murder and assassination! I remember the spot. I have gone by there. My path did not pass through the bridge, but took the other fork and followed the bank. I have stood at the division of the ways and peered through the wild thicket down into the abyss below. The tops of the ashes, which grew tall and slim, were still beneath me. The birds sang in their tops, the waters plashed and talked in the creek below. In spite of these it was still down there. The birds sang still and the waters plashed in silence. It was a lonely wilderness where the foot of man had never trod, a lonely, grawsome spot though the sun shone. If a twig cracked I immediately went about my business. Sometimes a limb cracked and fell. Then I also got out of there.

A PEANUT SONG.

LET ALL them po'try fellers sing of "ruby wine and rosy,"
And "strike their lyres" and shout the praise of "nectar and ambrosy;"
(I dunno what that last stuff is, but, judged by what I've read on
The subject, it's the kind of grub that heathen gods was fed on.)
I ain't no poet, I've got no lyre, and you don't find me kickin'
Fer "nectar and ambrosy" long 's there's cider left, and chicken,
But, if I could write pomes,—b'jng! till old Time's door on me shut,
Yer'd hear me tunin' up ter praise the good old-fashioned peanut,

The brown and dusty,
mild and musty,
roasted, toasted peanut.

Yer 'member that old circus, boys, the fust yer'd ever bin to,
The one that, underneath the tent, yer managed ter crawl in to?
The elephunts was twice as big as them they now are showin',
Seems if the critters must have shrunk, b'gosh! instead of growin'.
Jest shet yer eyes, yer'll see it now,—up there the trapeze dangles,
Down yonder rides Mamselle De Vooks, all yellor hair and spangles,
The band's a-playin' beautiful, and there the clown in glee struts,
And yit the pictur ain't complete without a bag of peanuts,

Of "crack and try 'em"
'fore yer buy 'em,"
fakir-peddled peanuts.

And in yer mem'ry there's a day,—you'd growed up quite a feller,
And had found out that brown hair is, at least, as nice as yeller,—
'T was at a picnic, say, or else a cattle show or somewhere,
But, anyhow, 't was Paradise the minute that "She" come there.
The dust was thick, the sun was hot, but, land! 't was perfect weather
So long as jest you two could stroll around the place tergether;
Yer spent yer cash in reckless style, but that ter you and she cuts
No figger side of one sweet kiss that smacked of love and peanuts,

Of "tried and tested,
double-breasted,
Californy" peanuts.

The base-ball game wa'n't wuth a cent, no matter who was winnin',
Unless yer heard the shells go "Crack" and "Crunch" between each innin';
The race was tame, the fair was flat that did n't have them in it.
And side-shows,—Gee! without 'em, why, they would n't last a minute;
Thanksgivin', Christmas and the Fourth, all of 'em had the savor,
Each boyish joy that mem'ry loves is rich with peanut flavor;
And so, while I've got tongue ter taste, and eyes with which ter see nuts,
Or voice ter shout, yer'll hear me cheer the blissful bag of peanuts,

The "crisp and snappy,
hot and happy,"
five cent bag of peanuts.

Joe Lincoln.

PUCK

MR. FOX'S BAD BREAK.

AND HOW IT BROUGHT CHRISTMAS JOY TO BUNNYVILLE.



I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.

A DIPLOMAT.

STERN PARENT.—Johnny, I hear you are the foot of the class.

JOHNNY.—Yes, Pa. Don't you think Santa Claus ought to leave a good big stocking on that account?

SUCCESS NOT only does not prove a man to be great, but sometimes it shows him to be very small.

AS TO SANTA CLAUS.

With our modern fangled notions
Fairy tales no longer do;
'Stead of coming down the chimney,
He has now gone up the flue.

THE INEVITABLE.

"Still, she is undeniably older."
"Yes; time has dealt with her kindly but firmly."

HER FIRST VISIT.

AUNT HANNAH.—May be if we wait for the next car we might get a seat.

UNCLE JOSH.—Well, I don't blame ye for thinkin' so, Hannah, seein' ye've never been in New York before.

A SNOB is a person who is either unable or unwilling to conceal the fact that he thinks he is better than we are.

PUCK

A RUSTIC SOLAR SYSTEM.



In a village store,
On zinc-bound floor,
The big stove sets its iron feet;
Thro' Wintry day,
Supplying, aye,
That mimic universe with heat.

And many a moon,
Dazzling at noon,
Is dimmed by some bright satellite.
By day unseen,
That looms serene
From out the dusky shades of night.

For loafers there
Might well compare
With heaven's moving orbs, and fixed;
Enslaved, of course,
By central force
That spans the empty space betwixt.

On gossip bent,
This firmament
Does both by day and night appear;
And shafts of wit
Like meteors flit
Athwart its ambient atmosphere.

Till dying blaze,
With dwindling rays,
Sinks slowly, like a setting sun!
The fire burns low—
The loungers go—
And one more Winter's day is done!

W. S. Adkins.

THE SMOOTH.

Paquita has chosen the Americano, but her family are determined she shall marry a man of her own nation.

"Ah! The course of true love runs not smoothly!" the beautiful Señorita is saying, as our story opens.

"That is simply because your beloved is not a Greaser!" urge her entourage, sophistically.

Paquita is very unhappy.

A FRUITLESS TASK.

JOSH.—Why, they say that banknotes gets full of microbes.

SILAS.—Shucks! 'T ain't no use tryin' to make banknotes unpopular.

THE SPREAD OF THE DOCTRINE.

STRAYE CAT.—Tom is a Christian Science cat.

YOWLYNGE CAT.—How is that?

STRAYE CAT.—Why, he says the bricks that hit us are entirely imaginary and if we had faith enough we'd treat 'em with even more contempt than we do now.

HIS KNEE.

"To thee, upon my bended knee, I—"

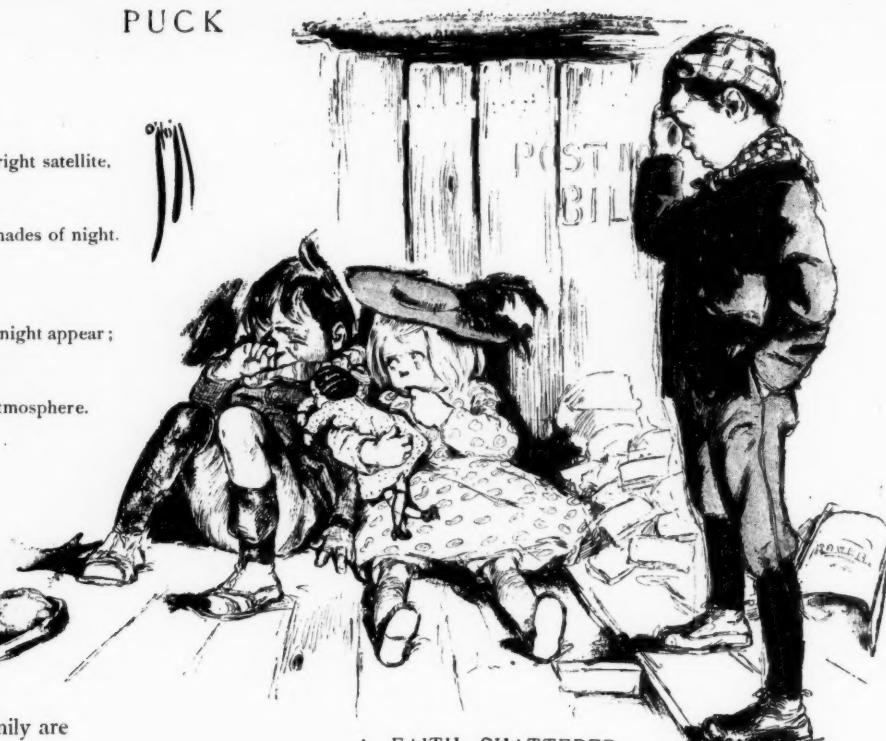
"Why, Mr. Brown, I'm on the sofa!" giggled the beautiful girl, in sweet confusion.

ROOM.

PROSPECTIVE TENANT.—Why, there's barely room to swing a cat in here!

JANITOR.—Well, people that's payin' only thirty dollars a month ain't s'posed to have no dachshund to swing.

IMPOSSIBLE PEOPLE never get really to know how impossible they are until they try to collect bills from possible people.



A FAITH SHATTERER.

MIGSY JONES.—I prayed fer a sled and a pair o' skates fer Christmas, and all I got wuz a bible and a prayer book.

REDDY MULLINS.—Hully Gee! And do you still believe in God?

CHATTEL.

He buried his face in his hands and wept bitterly.

"Is it that men are sold like chattels in this beautiful land?" he sobbed.

The street was thronged with people. Of these some laughed outright; others looked at him wonderingly and passed on. But there were a few, more considerate, who stopped and briefly explained to him the philosophy of our custom of buying the driver of the wagon along with every ton of coal.



AGREED.

VIOLET.—Is n't it fine?

VINCENT.—Yes, indeed! I used to think amateur photography was its own reward, but I know better now!

A POINT GAINED.

BRIGGS.—I had a long argument with Bagster last night about a future life, and I beat him.

GRIGGS.—How did you do it?

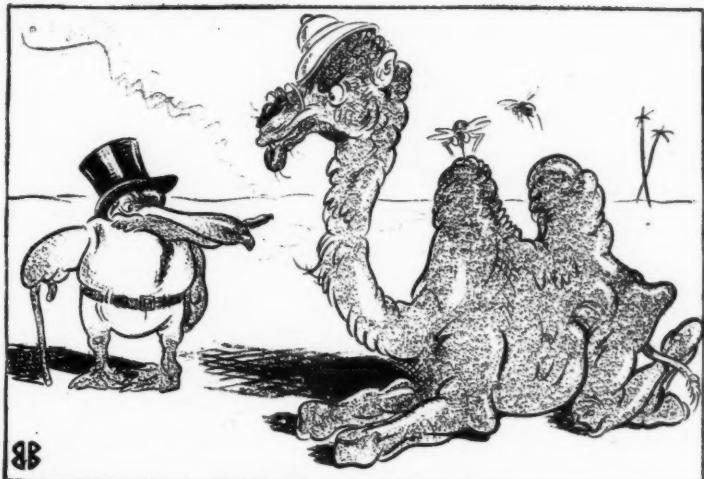
BRIGGS.—Well, I got him to admit at last that he didn't know any more about it than I did!

THINGS DO NOT GO WRONG OF THEMSELVES; SOMEBODY PUSHES THEM.

THE PEOPLE'S WILL, like some other wills, would be executed if the lawyers could n't pick any flaws in it.

A LITERARY SET CONSISTS essentially of two or three persons who have written something and a score or more others whose part it is to feed these.

PUCK



BB

A REVISED VERSION.

THE CAMEL.—I heard a ghost story last night that made the cold shivers run down my spine!

THE PELICAN.—Humph! I guess you mean climb up and down your spine!

THE ELOQUENCE OF EXAMPLE.



WILIGHT'S MYST'RY soft enfolds us,
Steals a spell that sweetly holds us;
O'er the sea the stars are dancing,
Misty moon's a-gleaming, glancing,
Woodland trees are gently sighing,
Balmy breezes sweeping, dying,
Nightingales are wooing, winging,—
Oh! My Lady, hear them singing!

The winds caress each other,
The forest whispers low;
The nightingales are mating,
The waves together flow;
The sheen is clasped by shadow,
There's love-light in the sky;
The star rays kiss the waters,—
Then why not you and I?

Fred Ladd.



COLD WATER.

ONE OF THE ADMIRERS.—An' dey say music am de food ob lub.

MISS COOPAH.—Wal, yo' need n't t'ink Ise handin' out any refreshments ob dat kind!

The poet is born, while some of the verse writers are fearfully and wonderfully made.

TOYS.

She was uncommonly severe to-day.

"Men are but boys grown tall!" she exclaimed, with bitter scorn. "They have always their toys: in boyhood, kites, tops and guns; in manhood, women."

"Ah, yes!" mused her husband, staring into the glowing grate. "But in boyhood we break our toys, while in manhood our toys break us."

SURGERY.

Once on a time there was a baby born with a silver spoon in his mouth. The parents were much alarmed, being ambitious for their offspring.

"What is to be done?" exclaimed these, wringing their hands.

"Oh! A comparatively simple operation will fix that," replied the doctors, reassuringly.

Now, there were several of the doctors, and each charged the fee that was usual, if not more so; and the operation was quite successful, the silver spoon being wholly removed.



A TYPE.

"But you have only a superficial acquaintance with Mr. Featherbrain, Papa."

"Can't help that. He's so shallow that any deeper acquaintance is impossible."

ALMOST TOO MUCH TO BELIEVE.

RURAL VISITOR.—By gum! It's wonderful how New York's growin'! When I was here years ago there was four an' five-story buildin's where now there's eighteen an' twenty—

HIS SON.—But—but yer don't mean to say they've growed!

PUCK



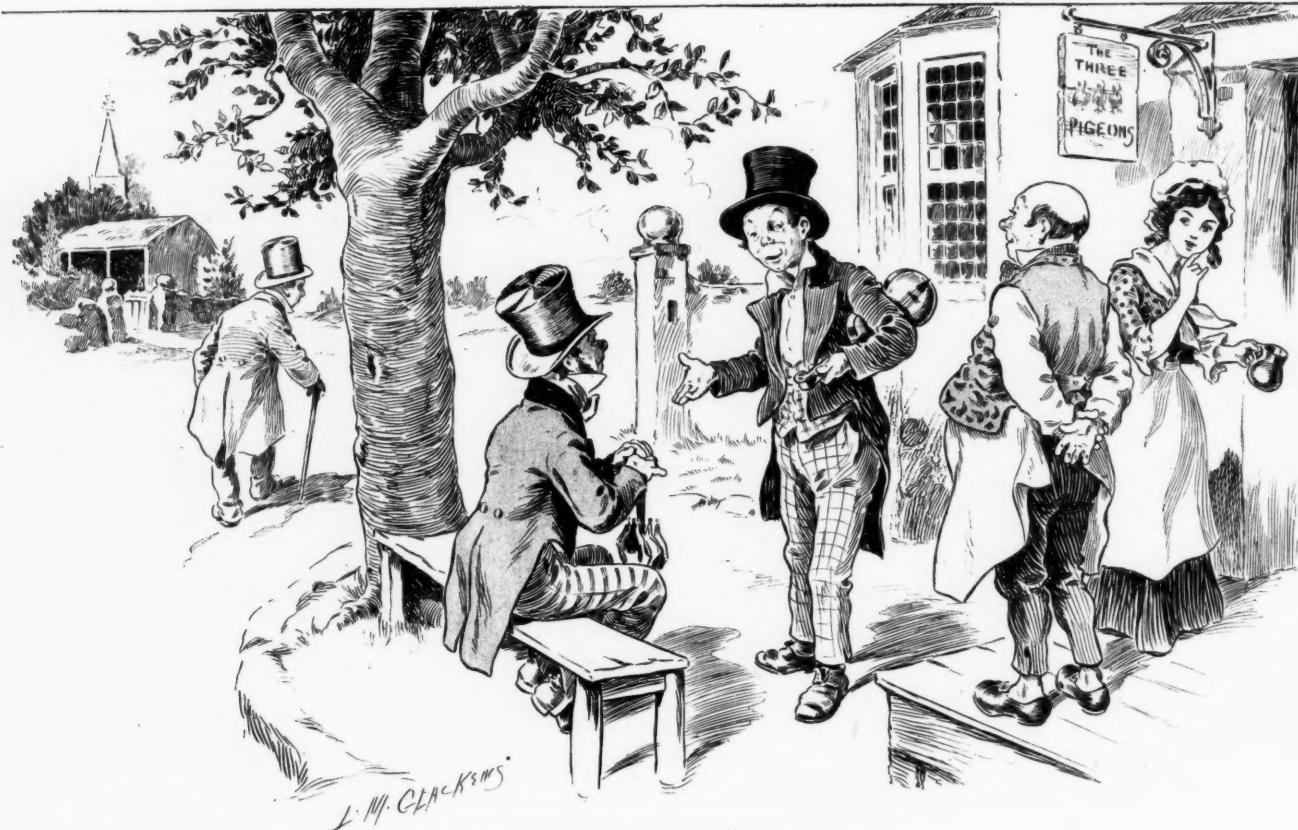
CHRISTMAS EVE ME

JCK



S EVE MEMORIES.

PUCK



AN OLD COMPLAINT.

"But there are so many nowadays who play the violin—"
"Ay, indeed! In these latter days 't is hard to find an occupation that is not overcrowded!"

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.



RED LIPS deceive,
Yet there's a chance
On Christmas Eve.

All men believe
That at first glance
Red lips deceive;

Yet hope doth weave
A fond romance
On Christmas Eve.

One may achieve
E'en though he grants
Red lips deceive:

Maids oft give leave
Sweet sufferance
On Christmas Eve.

Still, do not grieve
If, on advance,
Red lips deceive
On Christmas Eve.

Truman Roberts Andrews.

HIS UNCERTAINTY.

"There's a feller here that's in a peculiar sort of a predicament," said the genial landlord of the tavern at Pettyville. "You see, he stubbed his toe on a loose board in the sidewalk, right at the town limits, and fell over into the county and broke his arm; and now he don't know which of 'em to sue for damages."

WHEN A BACHELOR speaks concerning woman, the world naturally stops and listens. His being a bachelor is certainly an earnest that he knows what he is talking about.

Some are sanguine enough to believe that the lion and the lamb will not only lie down together, but will even use the same brand of breakfast food.

TO GET TO HIS LEVEL.

MRS. SLOWPOKE.—You are far too good for me, darling!
MISS ANTEKE (*desperately*).—Oh, dear! What shall I do?
Commit a murder?

A MAN OF LEISURE.

ISAACS.—I met Failupski ould riding dis morning. He aindt baying so much addention to his peezness as he used to.

COHENSTEIN.—Vell, I subbose he owes so mooch moneys now dot he can affordt to take id easy.



RUBBISH.

Mere literature! Quite hopelessly
Devoid of those ambitious
Touches that transform the mere
Into the mere-tricious.

THE MOST STRIKING RESULT.

UNCLE SILAS.—You don't think
the boardin'-school has done yer darter much good?

UNCLE HIRAM.—Well, the principal thing I've noticed is it makes her say "herbs" for "yarns."

THE INARTISTIC CONDITION.

STUBBS.—You don't seem to care anything about fame.

SCRIBBS.—Fame? No; I guess not. As soon as a literary man gets famous he whirls in and gets fat.

IT IS some comfort to reflect that Father Time is far more likely to cut himself than anybody else, if he holds his scythe as shown in the conventional New Year's pictures.

PUCK



A PECULIAR PERSON.

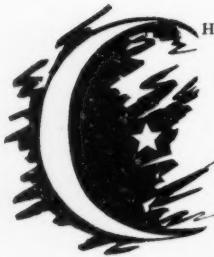
LITTLE BOB.—My Aunt Debby is a mighty queer woman!

LITTLE WILLY.—She looks all right!

LITTLE BOB.—She *is* all right; that's what makes me say she's queer. Why, if anything bad happens to you she don't hope it will be a lesson to you!

PUCK

OLD MERGER'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.



CHRISTMAS EVE had come again with its—No; let us be truthful. The snow was not clothing the world in white. Nor was a cheery wind urging a Christmas glow into countless cheeks. The nearest snow that day had fallen in North Dakota, while in New York the air was positively oppressive.

Particularly oppressive was it in the Steeperayte Apartment House. Some minutes before, Carolyne Coyne, *nee* Merger, had torn seven back leaves from her dainty calendar and discovered, with a start, the presence of Christmas Eve. Try as she might, she could not efface the knowledge from her mind, and involuntarily she gazed out the window at her father's mansion opposite—old Merger, the crafty railroad manipulator of Wall Street.

Less than a year previous, governed by a strange impulse, Carolyne had married Van Isching Coyne, a society pauper, with barely \$500,000 to his name. Well did the young wife recall the scene between her father and herself, when the news of the marriage was broken. Incredulity, rage, banishment! No longer a part of the Merger household, Carolyne left it and, in company with her honest though poor husband, hired a suite of Steeperayte Apartments at a rental of only \$6,000.

There, for almost a year, the couple had led a humble but happy life. Self-denial and frugality were practiced cheerfully; so much so that when Carolyne's auto was destroyed in a gasoline unpleasantness she refused her husband's advice to buy an imported motor and purchased a modest electric rig of domestic make.

"I buy imported gowns; that's enough," she declared, firmly.

And Van Isching Coyne said she was a perfect genius at economy.

Ah! But Christmastide! During the Fall, house-keeping cares had kept Carolyne busy. There were books to be read, maids to be watched, dinners to be eaten. These and more had occupied her mind so that little room remained for memory. It was only when, in

a spurt of industry, she tore seven back leaves from her calendar and realized the arrival of Christmas Eve that she remembered the past. In a moment the holidays of her girlhood appeared. No thought of poverty, then; no picture, then, of "that bitter night" when she and Van Isching Coyne should pass, disinherited, out of the parental palace and seek a home anywhere; anywhere, even in the Steeperayte Apartments, at \$6,000 a year.

"Will he relent?"

Half to herself Carolyne spoke, and steadily she gazed out of the draped window toward her father's mansion, opposite.

"It's Christmas Eve," said her husband; "he'll be distributing gifts soon in the old way. Let us hope for the best."

"Dear boy," cried Carolyne, impulsively; "always so optimistic and cheerful! What would I do without you?"

Still, as the evening wore away, minus a sign of parental forgiveness, cheer gave way to gloom. Then, for the first time in her life, did the girl feel the real pang of poverty. With a sob she arrayed herself in a silken house-robe and sank limply on a tufted couch.

* * * * *

Was that a knock? Perhaps it was a knock in Society across

the street. No; there it was again at the door! Springing up, Carolyne answered the summons in person. Outside in the passage, bearing in his arms an oblong box, the pair saw Pierpont, old Merger's veteran butler.

"For you, Ma'am," said the butler, presenting his parcel. "A merry Christmas from Mr. Merger, your father, Ma'am."

Carolyne took the box mechanically. She had no alternative; Christmas boxes of this sort are always taken mechanically. Thereupon, and for full three minutes, the young couple regarded the package silently. Van Isching Coyne spoke first.

"Don't be afraid to open it," he said; "it's no jackpot."

With a scissors Carolyne clipped the string, withdrew the wrapping and disclosed her father's gift—a toy train, locomotive, tender and one car. Its covering was gaudy paper. From the paper windows of the car lithographed children smiled, while over the windows, in red letters, gleamed the abbreviation: S. C. R. R.

"Santa Claus Rail Road," murmured Van Isching Coyne, making an almost inaudible deduction.

Carolyne's remark was no louder, but far more penetrating. With figure erect and blazing eyes, she glared at the puny plaything.

"I did not think, O my Father!" she apostrophized, "that you would carry animosity as far as this and offer me, the daughter of a railroad king, a toy train!"

"Bah!" cried her mate, disdainfully. "Let us kick the odious things out of doors. There!"

With a well-directed swing of his foot Van Isching Coyne drove the painted train across the velvet carpet. Immediately a panic ensued. The engine toppled over. The tender broke its couplings and the wheels of the car turned upward.

"Now, another!" Van Isching cried.

"Stop!" commanded Carolyne. "There's something tied to the step. It's a note."

Deftly, though with trembling fingers, she extracted a small envelope from the wreck and opened it. Van Isching watched her as she read.

"Papa, dear Papa!" she exclaimed, an instant later. "How I have misjudged

him! I, who thought him a cruel, relentless parent! Listen:

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

"Christmas softens all hearts, mine as well as others. Please accept from me, as a holiday gift, certificates for controlling stock, common and preferred, of the S. C.—Southern Consolidated—Railroad, which I recently picked up in the Street. You will find the certificates inside the car, which, as you see, bears the initials of the road. With fatherly affection,

"W. ST. MERGER."

Joyfully Carolyne turned to speak to her husband, but he had gone. He had gone for a hammer.

* * * * *

It was nearly midnight, and in a few minutes more it would be Christmas morning. Van Isching Coyne and Carolyne, his wife, stood side by side at the window, "just as the Christmas bells rang out." Between them they held a tape-tied package. In her arms Carolyne hugged a battered toy car.

"Yes," she whispered, musingly; "Christmas is indeed a happy season. Our days of stinting and privation are ended.

"Dear Papa!"

Arthur H. Folwell.



DISCONCERTING.

MR. MARMOSET (*the artist*).—Really, Miss Chameleon! I shall never be able to finish this portrait if you keep changing color every two minutes!

him! I, who thought him a cruel, relentless parent! Listen:

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

"Christmas softens all hearts, mine as well as others. Please accept from me, as a holiday gift, certificates for controlling stock, common and preferred, of the S. C.—Southern Consolidated—Railroad, which I recently picked up in the Street. You will find the certificates inside the car, which, as you see, bears the initials of the road. With fatherly affection,

"W. ST. MERGER."

Joyfully Carolyne turned to speak to her husband, but he had gone. He had gone for a hammer.

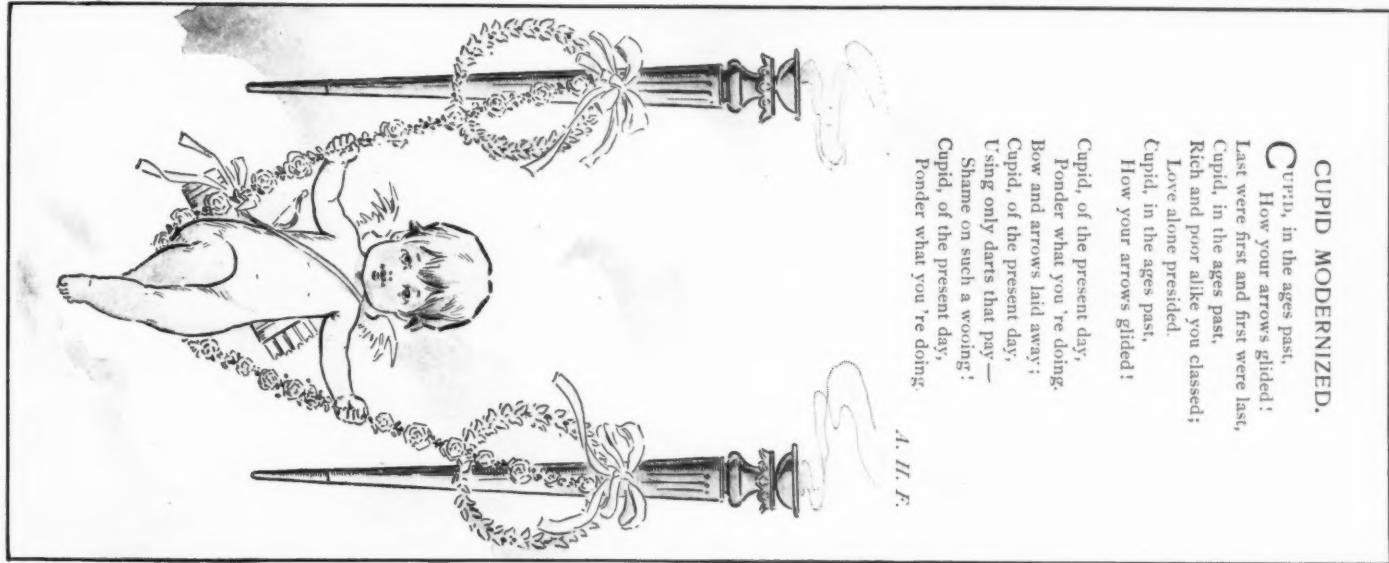
* * * * *

It was nearly midnight, and in a few minutes more it would be Christmas morning. Van Isching Coyne and Carolyne, his wife, stood side by side at the window, "just as the Christmas bells rang out." Between them they held a tape-tied package. In her arms Carolyne hugged a battered toy car.

"Yes," she whispered, musingly; "Christmas is indeed a happy season. Our days of stinting and privation are ended.

"Dear Papa!"

Arthur H. Folwell.



CUPID MODERNIZED.

CUPID, in the ages past,
How your arrows glided!
Last were first and first were last,
Cupid, in the ages past,
Rich and poor alike you classed;
Love alone presided.
Cupid, in the ages past,
How your arrows glided!

Cupid, of the present day,
Ponder what you're doing,
Bow and arrows laid away;
Cupid, of the present day,
Using only darts that pay —
Shame on such a wooing!
Cupid, of the present day,
Ponder what you're doing,

A. H. F.

PUCK



IN THE LAST ACT.

THE ACTOR.—'T is too late! One or both of us must die!

THE ACTRESS (*aside*).—If you want to make a hit with the audience make it both!

THE FOILING OF THE PURPLE GNOME.



IT was at the Asylum for Much-Abused Characters of Fiction. The Child of the Nonsense Voyage sat reading in the library. The room was warm—not very warm, but just about the right temperature for the beginning of one of the aforementioned voyages. The Child sighed, for she knew what was coming.

"Hello, there! How do you do when you don't! I appear up here. A joke—Ha! Ha!" And the Purple Gnome turned a neat flip-flop from the book-case to the carpet.

"I suppose," the Child remarked, "that we are about to start for the 'Steenth time on a Nonsense Voyage."

The Purple Gnome smiled blandly. The Child continued:

"Perhaps we shall visit the palace of Santa Claus and see the elves make toys for Christmas."

"I should n't wonder."

"And very probably you are going to get the artist to fake up a picture of me standing there surrounded by toy drums and talking dolls."

"Naturally."

"And then, perhaps, we shall take in fairyland and interview the queen of the fairies and other imaginary personages."

"That was the idea."

"Next some one will reel off twenty-seven stanzas—"

"Only twenty-six," broke in the Purple Gnome. "—of something like this:

"Sir Ebenezer Watkins was a rough and ready tar,
For he hitched the 'Fried Tomaters' by a cable to a star."

The Purple Gnome was silent.

"Then," went on the Child, "we shall possibly visit the place where the plants and animals go when they die, and every one of the bunch will do the useful information gag for about two chapters."

"May be so," admitted the Purple Gnome, weakly.

"After that I shall be obliged to hold some twenty-five ridiculous conversations with Mother Goose characters and others; conversations which will be chiefly remarkable for the number of puns that are dragged in."

"But—"

"Well," said the Child, decisively, "this is the time when you count me out from the beginning. I am not with you. I don't know just the number of little excursions we

have enjoyed together, but there has been an awful lot of them. To put it mildly, I should say I had visited Santa Claus about two hundred and three times. I have acted the fool in (I should say) nine hundred different conversations. More square feet of doggerel have been thrown at me than a man with a yardstick could measure in six months. As for useful information, I have absorbed enough to float an encyclopedia. Here is where we say good-by!"

"But," pleaded the Gnome, "think of the books! Think of the pretty book with the pretty colored covers! One dollar at all book-stores, you know, and all that."

"I think I have made myself plain," the Child remarked. "I am out of the game for good. No more of it in mine. Go on your Nonsense Voyage yourself, if you want to, but here is where I sneak off behind the scenes. Farewell!"

With a shriek of despair the Purple Gnome vanished into the darkness.

Horatio G. Winslow.



BROTHERLY PRAISE.

ALGV.—Aw, yes! My brothaw is deuced clevaw;—keeps what he knows to himself, ye know! Of course, that's nothing; but he keeps what he don't know to himself, too—and that's a good deal, bah Jove!

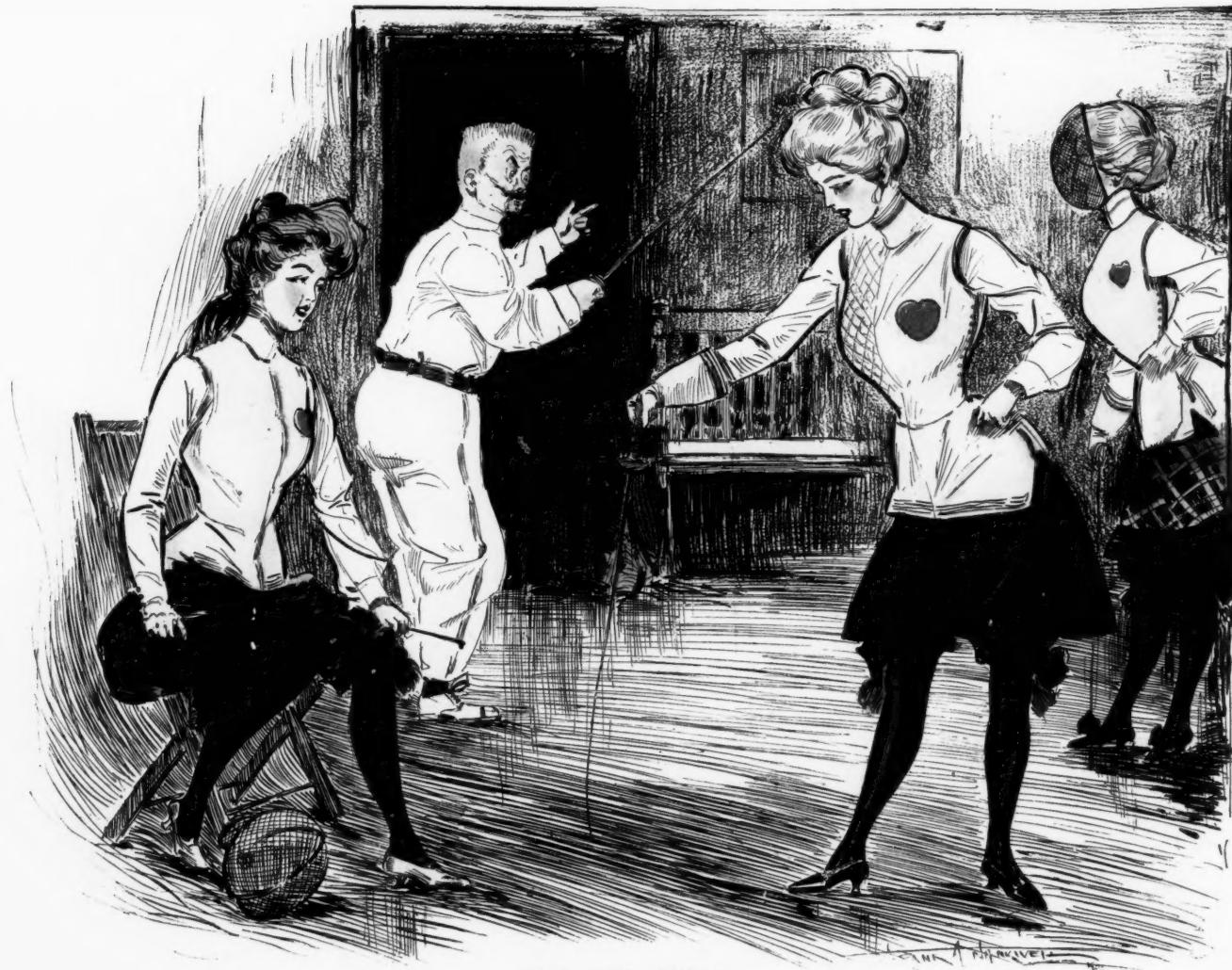


THE MANLESS GIRL.

The breezes riot 'round her hat;
The maiden does n't care for that.
Her cheeks now glow with scarlet tinge,

And festive flares her garment's fringe;
The horseless cab is on the lea,
The manless girl is gay and free.

PUCK



JUST THE THING.

PROFESSOR.—*Ma foi!* If you fence that way, ze othaire party would not receive one scr-r-ratch!
FAIR PUPIL.—No? My method would do for a French duel, would n't it, Professor?

THE KING'S MESSENGER.

BEING A PAGE FROM THE ANNALS OF KUTISNEK CASTLE.

KORD KUTISNEK, sitting alone in his den at the top of the keep of his Norman castle, would have been glad to while away the quiet afternoon with a nerve-soothing smoke, had he not lived a long time previous to Sir Walter Raleigh. For he was prone to take his ease as age was beginning to bear upon him; and, the wars being done, he now only wore his armor for appearance sake.

Presently a trumpet sounded.

"Now, who 's that?" he growled irritably.
"The bloomin' country 's getting so over-populated that a man much worn by wars can't rest in peace. Odsfish, this is the second! Another stranger passed this way only four days ago, and—Zounds! I 'm not keeping an inn!"

He went to the slit in the wall to look out. Now, this slit served very well to shoot through with a crossbow, but not much could be seen through it. However, he heard the thump of the drawbridge as it dropped, and the screech of the unoiled iron as the portcullis was raised.

Remembering his dignity, he replaced his greaves and helmet and sat down to await formal notification of the stranger's arrival.

A man-at-arms clanked his way up the stone stair and entered.

"My Lord," he said with a salute almost as rich in dialect as his speech, "a messenger from the kink."

"From the kink, eh?" said his lordship, who never missed an opportunity when he saw one; "from the kink! Is that straight?"

But the man-at-arms, being too dull to appreciate his liege's graceful wit, was cursed for a varlet and withdrew.

"I suppose I 'll have to go down," growled his lordship, as he rubbed some of the dust from his 110lb suit with a rag and made his way toward the outer gate with the sound of a copper wash-boiler falling down the cellar stairs.

At the gate he found things in great commotion. The king's messenger had not yet entered, but was still outside the ward on his horse. He was a very big man in very heavy armor with a pompadour helmet and plume that made him seem all the taller; and



TWO EFFECTS.

TAILOR.—Ay! Dress makes a big change in a man!
WOODBY BRUMMEL.—Ay! Though it sometimes leaves but small change in his pocket-book!

sat astride a very large horse. The result of this combination was that he was too tall to ride through the gate.

"What, ho!" cried his lordship. "What's eating you? Why don't you come on in?"

"Oddsboodikins!" exclaimed the messenger with all the dignity that a royal power of attorney gave. "Your measly gate's too low. Are there none but boys and runts in this stone pile?"

"What!" exclaimed his lordship with a flush of anger that was visible even through his lowered visor. "What the dev—," but remembering that the other was a royal messenger he curbed himself. "Can't you make it, somehow?"

"Make it!" exclaimed the noble note carrier in hot anger. "Why, I'm a head too tall. Cut away something, varlet!"

This was too much. His lordship was loyal and loved his king, but he was no varlet and could n't be bluffed.

"Cut away something, eh! Likelliwill!" he roared, for since

he had served in the crusades he was prone to Saracenic oaths when roused to extreme anger. "You're a head to tall, eh? Well, you bct you are! Bat we'll soon fix that all right, all right. Hi, you fellows!" he called to the group of men-at-arms near by, "bring him in and tell old Sharpedge to do his duty. We'll block this little game," he concluded, for his lordship would jest even in his anger.

When all these orders had been carried out and the royal messenger was replaced on his horse, he passed through the gate easily, for he was just a head shorter than before; and that head ornamented a pike stuck up in the inner ballium. His lordship in acknowledging the king's communication said that he would return the royal messenger shortly, and the king was so tickled with the joke and the humor of the whole proceeding that in the Spring he came and lived at Kitisnek castle a whole month while the queen was cleaning house.

Wood Levette Wilson.

A JEREMIAD.

ALAS! That I should see the day
That makes her Mrs. Reilley.
The first surprise is on us yet,
She courted, Oh, so sly!
Indignantly did she disclaim
An interest in Jerry
Until the last, while we hoped on
Who now are hopeless, very.
For not in all this hemisphere,
From Bering to Magellan,
Is there a soul can duplicate
The bread of Mary Ellen.

There was no feast about her fish,
They always were too salty;
Her soups, though savory enough,
In divers ways were faulty
To find her roasts well done was rare,
Her pies were always pasty;
(The *entrées* she would not attempt!)
Her puddings all were hasty.
"Me jelly," I have heard her say,
"Sure 't won't be aither jellin'!"
But all was pardoned when we ate
The bread of Mary Ellen.

If she was hardly glad to go,
Still less were we to have her;
So there were tears on either side,
On hers much wild palaver.
I shook her hand and said: "This time
You go for good, eh, Mary?"
She looked from Jerry up at me,
And looked from me to Jerry,
And then with twinkling eyes replied:
"Faith, sor, and there 's no tellin'!"
So haply we may eat again
The bread of Mary Ellen. Edward W. Barnard.



A FRAUD.

MISS DE MENOR.—That Dobley is a regular Bohemian, is n't he?

TURNER VAN NEWLEAF.—Not much! Why, when he lends a fellow money he expects to get it back!



HIS OPINION.

"But 't is impossible they should marry! 'T would be ridiculous!"
"Nay, friend, 't would not be half so merry a world if the ridiculous were impossible!"

PUCK

SANTA CLAUS IN THE MILLENNIUM.



HE WIND whistled gayly around the North Pole—it did not howl dismally, as in the old times. It was Christmas Eve and Santa Claus was preparing to start on his journey. But he had a sudden misgiving.

"It strikes me," he said to his old friend, Jack Frost, "that I must have outlived my usefulness. In the Millennium the children must have everything they want and nothing that poor old Santa Claus can bring them will increase their happiness."

"Tut! Tut!" said the hoary philosopher of the North. "I see that you don't understand the Millennium. People have not everything they want. If they had it would be so tame that they would kick even more than they did in the old days. They are just on the point of getting what they want, and that, as you know, constitutes happiness. When they get it, they will want a lot of other things, and they will be just on the point of getting those. So you needn't worry about the children having no use for you. They are longing for you now—trying to get sleepy enough to go to bed and kill the time before your arrival."

"Well, that's encouraging!" said Santa Claus, brightening, "but I can't help thinking," he said, after a pause, "that, in these enlightened times, all the children must be onto me. I am afraid they must size me up as a myth."

"But you are such a popular myth," argued Jack. "Great Scott! I am a myth, too, but if I were half as popular as you, I would n't have any kick coming! Besides," Jack went on, "Progress has not been unkind to you. It has replaced your sleigh and reindeer with an up-to-date airship. Consider what that means and how it has increased your popularity. Many a time I have flattened my nose against the window pane and beheld a distracted paterfamilias trying vainly to explain how Santa Claus drove that sleigh and those reindeer over the tops of the houses and mentally imprecating the inartistic liar who invented such a yarn. Now, with your airship, it is all plain sailing." Of course, there is still the question how you get the toys and the Christmas tree down the chimney, a problem which has long baffled able juvenile minds; but the children, like other folks, are usually willing to judge by results."

"What you say," said Santa Claus, "is very convincing, but there is still one point that bothers me. I might call it the Question of the Drum. Santa Claus without drums is almost inconceivable; yet,

a Millennium with drums is almost equally inconceivable. In the old days we used to justify the drum by the argument that we must look after the greatest good of the most important number—in other words, of the small boy. But in the Millennium everybody must be happy. The majority has rights which even the small boy must respect. What, then, are we to do about the Drum?"

"Again," said Jack Frost, "I see that you do not quite understand the Millennium. The underlying principle of the Millennium is that everybody is happy by trying to make everybody else happy. Now, as it is recognized that, to the



HOW THE COOLNESS AROSE.

MRS. ROONEY.—Phat 's thot yer darter is playin' ann the pianny?
MRS. RILEY.—"Angel Whispers"—would n't ut move you?
MRS. ROONEY.—It would—if Oi lived near by!

small boy, happiness without noise involves a contradiction in terms, and as the adult population could not be happy while the small boy is unhappy, it follows that the adult population could not be happy without noise. They do not love noise

per se; but, as an indispensable element of juvenile joy, they clamor for it.

Therefore, don't go without the drums."

"Thank you," said Santa Claus, whose face was now beaming. "You have relieved my mind greatly."

And, bundling his toys into the airship, he started on his trip.

Wm. F. McKenna.

ASSISTING HIM.

HE (*gulpingly*).—Faint heart never won fair lady, and I—er—er—I—

SHE (*sweetly*).—But I am a brunette, Henry.

IF YOU must look at your troubles through a magnifying glass, remember that the glass has two ends.



AN ASSURANCE.

SHE.—And you really think you'll love me when I'm old?

HE.—My dear, I'll love you when you're old enough for a boarding house!



WOULD NAME ANOTHER FIGURE.

"You would n't guess that I 'm thirty-seven, would you?"
"No, indeed, Ma'am!"

PROF. BUNCH ON LOVE.

(Extract from Lecture 2302 A. D.)

AVE the Professor and the audience the hall was entirely devoid of startling effects.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he began, "I have described some delusions of the twentieth century regarding Honesty and Sincerity. Even more peculiar than the belief, then occasionally indulged in, that Honesty might be at all in accord with Intellectuality, or that Sincerity was ever in the slightest degree practical, was the tenet frequently held concerning an emotion called 'Love.'

"Many men in those days were wont to profess that they wished to marry for the sake of companionship and affection. Both sexes were often so subject to a ridiculous species of infatuation that they entered into wedlock solely on the ground that they cared for certain mates by reason of personal character and characteristics, congeniality of tastes, and the 'purity' of what they designated as 'Love.'

"Fancy! They voluntarily tied themselves to one another with no thought of thereby obtaining social preferment or gaining wealth.

"This 'Love' was, no doubt, a scourge. It was most active and widespread among a class of people then existent called the 'Middle Class.'

"A studious organization for the glorification of Mammon, named

'The Four Hundred,' was in reality the starting point of our present benign and advanced civilization. This devoted little band of noble men and women first decried the pernicious effects of 'Love,' and fought uncompromisingly against its evil influence. In their set finance governed matrimony, not matrimony finance. Old-fashioned superstitions and opinions were relegated to a place mentioned in the classics of the literature as 'the extreme rear.'

"The Four Hundred taught and proved that eligibility for marriage is as we hold to-day. The eligible gentleman is he who possesses a proper number of millions of dollars. The eligible lady, the true ideal of womanly worth, is she who wears diamonds to breakfast.

"And these desiderata are always on sale to the highest bidder. This is as it ought to be. The idea of asking irrelevant questions as to how a gentleman gets his money, what his morals are, or who his parents were! How careless! And should a lady be expected to furnish gentleness in lieu of gentility? Never!

"Picture the plebeian and contemptible state of affairs in those earlier days, when 'Love' so often ruled matters matrimonial! It were as absurd to allow 'Love' to dictate in other markets of the world. 'Love,' indeed! The narrow-minded, sentimental and emotional people of the old style 'Middle Class' had neither self-control nor self-respect. What moral degenerates, to be sure!"

Fred. Ladd.





ADVANCE SHEETS FROM THE "BLUE RIBBON COOK BOOK."

DRESSED CELERY.—Bathe the celery carefully in tepid, soapy water. A Turkish bath, though advocated by some, is not necessary unless the celery has been playing out in the dirt. Dress each stalk daintily and in various colors. A white Swiss muslin frock, with blue ribbons, is pretty; or a pale pink chiffon made up over green taffetas.

CUP CAKE.—Take two coffee cups and a tea cup. Dresden china is best, but cauldron or other English ware will do. Break the cups into small bits, after which pound them to a powder. Sift this carefully into a bowl and add six eggs, also broken. Bake in a quick oven and when done sift a powdered sugar bowl over them. Little cup cakes are especially nice for afternoon teas.

WAFFLES.—Take a large piece of sole-leather, cut it into oblong shapes and mark it off into small squares. Fry in any old grease and serve with hot syrup. These are just too waffle for anything.

RIBBON CAKE.—Take four yards, or say four yards and a half, of narrow blue ribbon and a yard of light pink ribbon. Place these in a chopping bowl and mince into fine shreds. Add a spool of

sewing silk and a paper of needles. Mix thoroughly and spread between layers of well-pounded pound-cake.

BATH BUNS.—In a good-sized bathtub set several bath-sponges to rise over night. In the morning remove the sponges, squeeze well, and add two ounces of powdered soap and an ounce of orris root. Make up into small buns, place carefully in a sponge basket and fry in boiling lard. When done, sprinkle thickly with powdered sugar and serve with a whisk-broom.

TIPSY CHARLOTTE.—Take one chemical blonde and add a few cocktails, some champagne, a lobster and a *petit vene*. Serve with elaborate dressing and much sauce.

RUSSIAN SALAD.—First catch your Russian.

POSTER COFFEE.—Take several impressionistic posters and boil in a quart of water until the posters are well drawn. The stronger the posters, the longer time this will require. Add a half-pound of fresh butter and serve with sugar and cream. This is a great improvement on the old-fashioned coffee, to the evil effects of which ten out of every nine people in this country are hopeless, helpless victims.

Carolyn Wells.



A SLIGHT REVISION.

KIRBY STONE.—I see a Chicago man wants to revise the bible.

LEIGHTON LAYTER.—How?

KIRBY STONE.—Well, he wants to make the wise men see the star in the West instead of in the East.

PUCK

BESSIE'S TRIUMPH.

A NOVELETTE OF THE DAYS OF CROMWELL.



"ER THE HILLS came Cromwell. Bessie saw him, told her story," etc., etc.

You know the rest only too well. Curfew did not ring that night. Basil Underwood was saved. And as Cromwell resumed his walk over the hills he thought of Bessie's pleading face and there was an unwonted moisture in his eyes.

The next day, detained in the neighborhood by business, he had again occasion to walk over the hills. Suddenly he was arrested by a woman's voice.

"I would speak with thee, my Lord Protector!"

The speaker was aged, gaunt, hook-nosed, sharp-eyed, shabbily dressed.

"What wouldst thou with me?" asked Cromwell.

"Listen. I am a prophetess. I can peer into the future. I am a dreamer of dreams. 'T was I that, when the late king ascended the throne, shook my head ominously and said: 'Mark my words, there is trouble of some kind in store for this realm!' I even said — to myself — 'I can see his finish,' though I held my peace about this to others until the event justified my forebodings. When the armies gathered at Marston Moor, 't was I that said: 'I warrant you there will be blood spilled this day!' When King Charles went to the block I said: 'T is odds that his followers will one day have revenge for this, if they can!' 'T was I that predicted the great blizzard of 1620. When the first flakes began to fall, I said: 'Methinks we shall have one of the biggest snow storms of the year.' Thou canst see that I am a prophetess."

"Well," said Cromwell, rather uneasily, "one of thy trade who attends to business is bound to hit it right once in a while. But what hath thy gift of prophecy to do with me?"

"Listen, my Lord Protector. Last night I dreamed a dream. Far in the future, when and where I know not, I saw a man writing a poem. He called it 'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night.' Then my vision changed. I was in a hall and troops of elocutionists, young and old and of all intermediate ages, male elocutionists and — Merciful Heaven! — female elocutionists, came on the stage, one after another, and recited that poem at ME! I could not escape. I was rooted to the spot. All night long they came and recited that poem. I can hear them now! 'Curfew shall not ring to-night!' 'Basil Underwood must die!' 'Out, far out, she swung!' 'Go, thy lover lives!' Oh! 'T was horrible! Horrible!'



THE TROUBLE.

THE WOMAN.—There's young Flashman, two tables from us. Is he well connected?

THE MAN.—Er—yes; but the wires are down, I believe!

QUITE LIKELY.

"Pa!"

"Uh?"

"Pa, where did those wandering minstrels that they had in olden times wander?"

"In their minds, I presume, my son."

THE PRICE OF WISDOM.

RICHARD.—Life is too queer for me.

ROBERT.—What do you mean?

RICHARD.—Why, by the time a man is far enough along to understand girls, he is so old and prosy that they won't look at him.

THE UNKINDEST CUT.

"What is the matter in there?"

"Oh! The baker is having a fit. His second wife told him that he could n't bake bread like her first husband used to make."

SCIENTIFIC.

FIRST MICROBE.—This professor says he could put a million of us on a postage-stamp.

SECOND MICROBE.—Well, I hope he'll use two postage-stamps. If there's anything I like it's lots of room.

PUCK



AT MISS JACKSON'S PARTY.

HOSTESS.—Mr. Johnson, would n't you kindly oblige us wif an "automobile?"

MR. JOHNSON (*gasping*).—A-a-what?

HOSTESS.—A "break-down," Mr. Johnson!

WISE ORACLE.

N THE olden time a certain man, being stricken with grief, consulted the oracle at Delphi.

"Go bury thy sorrow!" said the oracle.

The man was not a little perplexed by the advice, but concluded that about the first thing to do was to dig a hole. Now this was not easily to be achieved in the rocky soil of Hellas; and, whereas, when he began to dig the man thought a very large hole would be necessary, his idea was modified as he proceeded until, in some fifteen minutes, it seemed clear that a real moderate hole would suffice.

Having dug such, the man looked around for his sorrow, but it was nowhere to be seen. Turning upon himself, he searched his bosom carefully.

"There's no heartache, here!" he said.

In fact, the only ache in sight was a backache, and this did not matter, for the man was well supplied with liniment.

LOVE AND THE MOON.

The man within the moon looked down

And spied a million lovers spoon!

"Give me a cloud to show my frown!"—

A million lovers thanked the moon!

TOO BAD!

HE (*tentatively*).—It's too bad that mistletoe should only be hung up on Christmas!

SHE (*naively*).—Yes! That certainly makes it a long time between kisses!

IN FIGURING on what you might have been you will find a good deal more comfort in looking down than up.



AN ASSURANCE.

"Wantee lookee like Chlistian."

"Mein friendt, ven I get t'rough mit you, you 'll look as mooth like a Ghristian as I do!"

PUCK

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.



HERE once was a creature whose long bushy tail
Was tied up with a pink ribbon bow.

Now, was it a whale?

Or was it a snail?

Or was it a crockery crow?

There once was a tree who was making a speech
To a lady who wore a white sash.

Now, was it a beech?

Or was it a peach?

Or was it a gold-headed ash?

There once was a bird who wrote with a pen
And ate up a whole lot of hay.

Now, was it a wren?

Or was it a hen?

Or was it a gingerbread jay?

There once was a fruit who was ignorant, very,
Because it would not go to school.

Now, was it a cherry?

Or was it a berry?

Or was it a Gooseberry Fool?

Carolyn Wells.

PUCK

HAPPINESS.

A rich man prayed
the gods to amend the
nature of things until
wealth should buy
happiness.

And the gods heard
him and granted his
prayer.

But it was not long
until the rich man's wife
came home from shopping
one afternoon and exclaimed:

"They are selling happiness
at the cut-rate drug stores!"

And the rich man smote his
breast and wept aloud. As
for happiness, he would have
none of it now.



AN IMPORTANT EVENT.

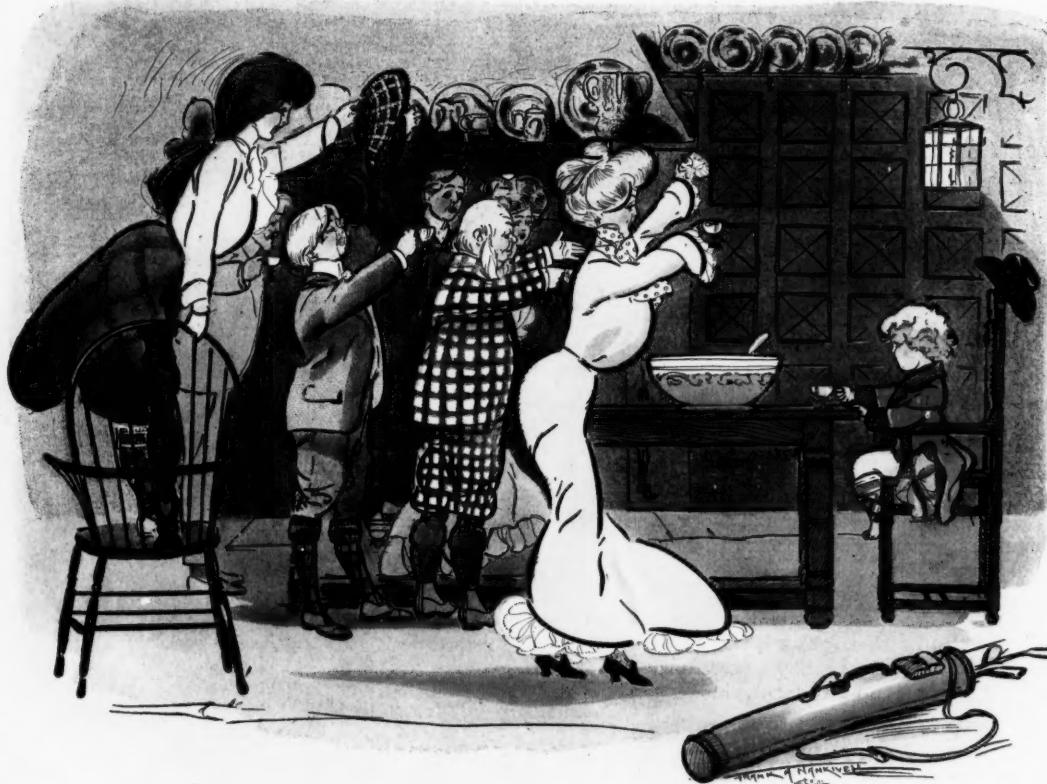
"They've got a two-headed calf
up to Grigsby's."
"That so? I s'pose Grigsby's
proud of it?"
"Awful! He's prouder than the
cow!"

HIS EXPERIENCE.

SHE.—Do you think women
have no sense of humor?

HE.—Oh! I don't know.
looks pretty when she smiles.

It is n't hard to amuse a girl who



The game is o'er; we trust we win
By dint of wheat within the chaff;
To those who toast, we'd fain reply,
"Be joy to all who love to laugh!"

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



Christmas Morning on "de Ole Plantation"

"Christmas comes but once a year" with its joy and gladness for "little shavers."

Williams' Shaving Soap, with its big, thick, glorious lather, brings joy and gladness, comfort and satisfaction to all "shavers" every day in the year.

Williams' Soaps sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, 25c.

LUXURY SHAVING TABLET, 25c.

(TRIAL SIZE) WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, 10c. in Stamps.

SWISS VIOLET SHAVING CREAM, 50c.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40c.

(TRIAL SIZE) WILLIAMS' SHAVING TABLET, 2c. in Stamps.

YANKEE SHAVING SOAP (Rd. or Sq.), 10c.

Exquisite also for toilet.

WILLIAMS' GLYCERATED TAR (Toilet) SOAP, 10c.

LONDON.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.
PARIS.

DRESDEN.

SYDNEY.

PRINCIPAL WAREROOMS

FOR THE SOHMER PIANOS

ARE LOCATED IN
CHICAGO
MILWAUKEE
SAN FRANCISCO
DETROIT
ST. LOUIS
WASHINGTON



ED. PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine is the best Hair Restorative known. It preserves the hair from parasitic attacks, tones up the hair bulbs, cleanses the scalp and positively removes dandruff.

ED. PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine is also a most excellent hair dressing. The sweet and refined oil which it leaves in the hair makes it a toilet luxury.

Sold Everywhere.

4 oz. bottles, 50c. 8 oz. bottles, \$1.00

ATLANTIC RYE WHISKEY
10 YEARS OLD
4 FULL QUARTS \$3.15 OR 8 QUARTS 8-YEAR-OLD \$5.00
Express Charges Prepaid. Satisfaction or Money Back.
FREE 2 Samples—Glass and Corkscrew with every order.
THE ATLANTIC & PACIFIC DIST'G CO.,
1470 Genesee St. KANSAS CITY, MO.

**HENRY LINDENMEYR
AND SONS**

Paper Warehouses

32—36 Bleecker St.

AND

20 Beekman St.

P. O. Box 2865

Telephone 1843 Spring

NEW YORK.

All kinds of paper made to order.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE SUFFERING WITH PEEPEE SUCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, CURES THE ULTRA ALLAY'S GIN PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by DRUGGISTS in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. 25 cents a bottle.

THE ONLY SALESROOMS IN GREATER NEW YORK FOR
THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

PIANOS ARE NOW LOCATED IN THE NEW SOHMER BUILDING
FIFTH AVENUE, CORNER 22d STREET

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

LAURELS.

"I suppose he will rest on his laurels now?"

"Summers. Winters he's going to lecture on them."

WHAT WORRIED HIM.

DEADRIGHT.—Money is close.

HARDUPPE.—Yes; so near and yet so far!

LIFE IS EVER A tribulation. In Winter we get the cold shoulder and in Summer the hot end of it.



**NESTOR
CIGARETTES**
A STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE UNSURPASSED

HIS QUERY.

SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Always remember, children, that when any one smites you on one cheek you must turn the other cheek to him.

JOHNNY THICK-NECK.—Yes 'm; but what are we due to do when he hits us on the nose—none of us have but one nose?

NO MAN can serve two masters; if he did, he would be arrested for bigamy.

PRINCIPAL WAREROOMS

FOR THE SOHMER PIANOS

ARE LOCATED IN
BOSTON
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
CLEVELAND
NEW ORLEANS
INDIANAPOLIS

Jaeger
PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR
Protects Against Temperature Changes.

The Standard Sanitary Underwear for Men, Women and Children. Endorsed by Leading Physicians. Also various Jaeger Novelties and Specialties.

Don't forget that the Pest is the Cheapest and that the First Wealth is Health.

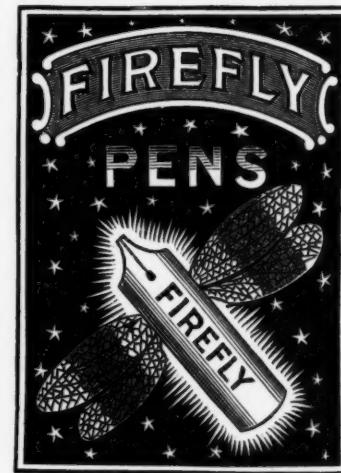
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

DR. JAEGER & W. S. CO.'S OWN STORES.
NEW YORK: 16 W. 23d St., 155-157 B'way
BROOKLYN: 504 Fulton Street.
BOSTON: 230-232 Boylston Street.
PHILADELPHIA: 1510 Chestnut Street.
CHICAGO: 82 State Street.
AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES.

BENEDICT BROTHERS,

JEWELERS.

Fine Watches, Diamonds
and Rich Jewelry.
WASHINGTON LIFE INSURANCE BUILDING,
141 BROADWAY,
Corner of Liberty St., N. Y.
SIDE VIEW Try Our Patent Collar Button. END VIEW



Registered design of box label.

FIREFLY PENS are made of a new incorrodible metal—flexible as gold.

THEY GIVE CHARACTER TO ONE'S WRITING.

MANUFACTURED BY

ORMISTON & GLASS, LONDON.
CONTRACTORS TO H. M. GOVERNMENT.

Boxes 25 cts. and \$1.00, from all Stationers.

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 99 William St., N. Y.
SOLE AGENTS FOR UNITED STATES.

SERVED
AT ALL
FOUNTAINS
RESTAURANTS
& CAFES

Vigoral
FOR
WEAK STOMACHS
A PLEASANT & AGREEABLE BEVERAGE
ARMOUR & COMPANY
CHICAGO

SOLD
IN BOTTLES
BY
DRUGGISTS
& GROCERS

A RAY OF HOPE.

JOHNNY.—Ma, this paper says children catch lots of diseases going to school.

MAMA.—Well, I suppose they do.

JOHNNY.—Do I—er—have to keep on going?

HIS REMEDY.

BENSON HEARST (*showing some plants*).—I obtained the seeds from the Agricultural Department, but I don't think the result will be a success.

HOWSON LOTT.—Well, you can hold the Administration responsible.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.



President Suspenders

For the holidays
are in single pair boxes.
Nice presents.
Fifty cents and a dollar.
Ask at favorite shop,

or post prepaid from
C. A. Edgerton Mfg. Co.
Box 218 G Shirley, Mass.

President playing cards, unique, entertaining, instructive. Ask your dealer.

Natural Whiskey

Bottled under Government supervision direct from the barrel at the Distillery with its natural flavor, nothing added to or taken from it.

Old Overholt Rye

The Act of Congress, March 3, 1897, provides that date of making and of bottling whiskey shall be plainly printed on the Government Stamp that seals the bottle. It also prohibits bottling whiskey less than four years old and provides that all bottles must be full measure.

Ask your Dealer—or write us—

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
PITTSBURG, PA.

BOTTLED
IN BOND



HIDING THEIR LIGHTS.

SALLY MEDDERS.—Hi Tuttle told me to-day that we'd soon be havin' our letters delivered right to our houses.

SARAH HUSKINBY.—That's a downright shame! Why, when we git a letter, then, nobody'll know uv it 'cept the man who brings it.

HIS VOCATION.

When baby's grown I think he'll join
Some histrionic band,
Because he seems to very much
Enjoy a one-night stand!

IT IS a pity that so many pushing people should devote their talent chiefly to pushing other folks out of the way.

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Treatment as administered at the following Keeley Institutions:

A NATIONAL INSTITUTION

DURING the past twenty years the Keeley treatment has rescued so many thousands of men and women from the drink and drug habits that it has made staunch friends in every community. Among its adherents are some of the most distinguished people in the country, including clergymen, physicians, lawyers, editors, business men and government officials. In a word, the treatment, by reason of the great good it has done and is doing, has become a national institution with headquarters in many States.

Detailed information of this treatment, and proofs of its success, sent free upon application to any of the institutions named.

Here are the Names of a Few who Have Indorsed and Recommended It:

General Neal Dow, Col. C. H. Taylor, Judge-Advocate-Gen. Groesbeck, Dr. Parkhurst, Rev. Canon Fleming, Frances E. Willard, Hon. Luther Laffin Mills, Ex-Gov. Hastings, Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, John V. Farwell, Dr. Edward McGlynn, Rear-Admiral Walker, Ex-Gov. Claude Matthews, Ex-Gov. John P. Altgeld, Rt. Rev. John Shanley, Gen. J. W. Forsyth, U. S. A.

ADDRESS THE INSTITUTE NEAREST YOU.

Birmingham, Ala.	Charlestown, Ind.	Detroit, Mich.	Columbus, O.	Sioux Falls, S. D.
Hot Springs, Ark.	Marion, Ind.	Marion, Ill.	Portland, Ore.	Dallas, Tex.
Little Rock, Ark.	Des Moines, Ia.	St. Louis, Mo.	Harrisburg, Pa.	Bellevue Place,
San Francisco, Cal.	Crab Orchard, Ky.	Boulder, Colo.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Salt Lake City, Utah.
3170 Market St.	New Orleans, La.	Boulder, Mont.	512 North Broad St.	Richmond, Va.
West Haven, Conn.	1628-38 Felicity St.	Carson City, Nev.	Pittsburg, Pa.	Seattle, Washington.
Washington, D. C.	Portland, Me.	Fargo, N. D.	424 Fifth Ave.	Toronto, Ont.
211 No. Capitol St.	Lexington, Mass.	North Conway, N. H.	Providence, R. I.	Winnipeg, Man.
Atlanta, Ga.	Grand Rapids, Mich.	Buffalo, N. Y.	Columbus, S. C.	
Dwight, Ill.	Kansas City, Mo.	White Plains, N. Y.		

"Non-Hereditry of Inebriety," by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, mailed upon application.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.

HELEN HEN.—I'm going to the Mother's Congress.

HORTENSE HEN.—Anything special going on to-day?"

HELEN HEN.—Why, yes! Mrs. Cackles is to read a paper on "How to Keep Young Ducks from Going Swimming."

FAITH moves mountains by inspiring the believer to do the necessary work.

AS A GENERAL thing, it takes more generations to make a gentleman than it takes to spend his patrimony; which may account for there being so few perfect gentlemen among us.

AS TO the indifferent success with which the average woman tries to look like a startled fawn, it should be borne in mind that a startled fawn has no back hair to come down.

THE EQUITABLE

STRONGEST IN THE WORLD.

J. W. ALEXANDER

J. H. HYDE



VICE PRESIDENT

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

of an Equitable Endowment
Policy assures comfort for
every future
Christmas

Vacancies in every State
for men of energy and
character to act as
representatives.
Apply to GAGE E. TARRELL,
2nd Vice President.

Send this coupon for particulars of such a policy issued at your age.

THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY, 120 Broadway, New York.

Dept. No. 26.

Please send me information regarding an Endowment for

\$..... if issued at years of age.

Name.....

Address.....



Trade-Mark

Chartreuse

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

Dainty, Delicious, Digestive

THIS PHENOMENAL FRENCH LIQUEUR FOR 300 YEARS HAS BEEN THE PREFERRED AFTER-DINNER CORDIAL IN THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLDS OF EUROPE AND ELITE OF THE WORLD'S SOCIETY

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Bäuer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax our brands would cost double the money. Send for booklet and particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

Arnold
Constable & Co.

CHRISTMAS 1902

Handkerchiefs
Gloves
Neckwear
Umbrellas

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK

Bunner's Short Stories.

SHORT SIXES.
THE RUNAWAY BROWNS.
MADE IN FRANCE.
MORE SHORT SIXES.
THE SUBURBAN SAGE.

Five Volumes, in Paper, \$2.50
" " Cloth, 5.00
or separately, Per Volume, in Paper, \$0.50
as follows: " " Cloth, 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers, or from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address PUCK, New York.

HIS MALADY.

He was a quiet, genial, companionable chap until he had the money left him; and then he grew portly, obstinate, supereminently ego-alitudinous, intolerant and hyperpenurious; and the old doctor, who had seen much, and knew many things not found in the ordinary works on therapeutics, diagnosed his ailment as acute and hopeless Jpierpontmorganicitis. And, as usual, the old doctor, bless him, was right!

A GOOD ONE.

KNICKER.—What's the combination to your safe?

BOCKER.—The cashier and a vacation.

DUTY.

Nelson had just displayed his signal "England expects every man to do his duty."

"We would laugh at the jokes," replied his captains, eagerly; "but we have no copies of *Punch* aboard."

Thus foiled in their attempt to display patriotism in its highest form, they made amends by winning the battle.

ACCURATE.

FIRST TRAMP.—I've just gone t'roo de country on a personally conducted tour.

SECOND TRAMP.—A personally conducted tour?

FIRST TRAMP.—Dat's right! I was de only one dat had anyt'ing to do wid it.

[F A YOUNG man is n't ashamed to work, he is pretty likely to succeed in business. If, moreover, he is n't ashamed to carry an umbrella that not one man in a thousand would steal, it's a cinch.

Ask for Abbott's the Original Angostura Bitters, when you go to druggist or grocer for a reliable tonic in the spring. Abbott's, the best for all seasons.



Festive Christmas

What custom honors we may all enjoy, and the largest contributor to the genial hospitality of this happy season is the pure and perfect

Hunter Baltimore Rye

so well established as the best. No Festival Board will be complete without it.



Sold at all first-class cafés and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

DOUBT.

"But he is calling on you so often," said the confidante.

"True," said the perplexed beauty; "but he is a politician."

"What of that?"

"Why, you know, they are so apt to claim that their visits are without significance!"

HIS VIEW.

AUNT HETTY (*visiting the city*).

—I suppose it's fashionable for the women to carry them little bags in their hands, but I don't think it's convenient.

UNCLE JOSH.—Well, mebbe it's less trouble than lookin' for their pockets.

JUST WHAT HE EXPECTED.

"Four two's," said the veteran gambler.

And yet he showed no surprise when the other man took his money.

It was only eight cents, anyhow, and the other man was a stamp clerk at the post-office.

A PAMPERED PERSONAGE.

"What's Comrade Hammer growlin' over?" asked one of the inmates of the Soldiers' Home.

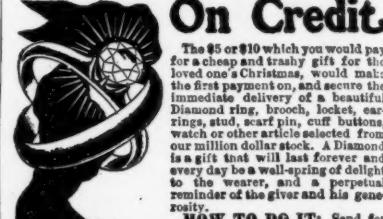
"Oh! He's kickin' about the Christmass dinner," was the reply. "Says the cranberries were n't peeled."

"HARK!" cried the frightened wife of the electrical inventor. "Is not that the sound of the automatic burglar alarm?"

"No, dear," her husband replied, as he deftly adjusted the connections of his shocking machine; "it is simply an indication that there is more than one person sitting in our Mabel's hammock."

On the golf links a drink of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne will improve your playing wonderfully.

CHRISTMAS DIAMONDS On Credit.



The \$5 or \$10 which you would pay for a cheap and trashy gift for the loved one's Christmas would make the first payment on, and secure the immediate delivery of a beautiful Diamond ring, brooch, locket, earrings, and pins, cuff-links, wrist-watch, and other articles selected from our million dollar stock. A Diamond is a gift that will last forever and every day be a well-spring of delight to the wearer, and a perpetual reminder of the giver and his generosity.

HOW TO DO IT: Send for our handsome, new Illustrated Catalogue which shows thousands of beautiful things for Christmas—all goods being reproduced by photograph—select what you like and we will send it to your home, place of business or Express office, where you may examine it critically. If you like it, want to keep it, send one-fifth of the price and send us the balance in eight equal monthly payments.

REMEMBER: We pay all Express charges, give a written guarantee with every Diamond; make liberal allowances for the full price paid in exchange for other goods or a larger Diamond, or cheerfully refund all that you have paid, if the goods are not entirely satisfactory.

IT IS SAFE to send us money with order, but you need not pay a premium if you get the goods. If you prefer not to do this, we are the largest house in the world in our line of business and one of the oldest—Established in 1858. Our references are any bank in America. For instance: Ask your local bank how we are rated in Dun's or Bradstreet's book of credit ratings. You will be told that we stand at the top in credit, promptness and responsibility.

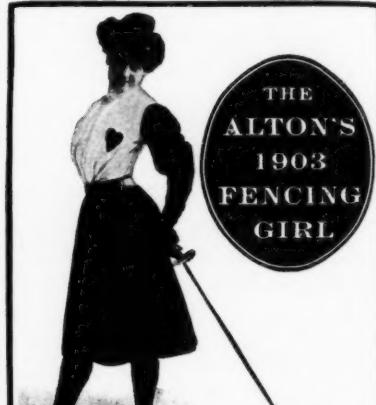
All you need to do is to make a selection, and enjoy all of the advantages of our **Liberal Credit System**. There is nothing disagreeable to be paid in principal, interest, or taxes, nothing that you would not experience in shopping at your home store. Our catalogue explains every feature of our system, terms, goods and prices; is a work of art and worth its weight in gold to any Christian purchaser. A postal card will tell you.

TO CASH BUYERS: If you want to buy a Diamond for cash, we will allow you a discount of eight per cent. Wear it one year or less, then if you wish, bring it back and get spot cash for all your paid-in ten per cent, plus a small amount for doing business. For instance: suppose you buy a fifty dollar Diamond and wear it one year, you could then send or bring it back and get \$45 in cash. It will thus cost you \$5 to wear a splendid Diamond a whole year, or less than ten cents per week. This is the result of our unique and liberal innovations originated in us in selling diamonds to distant customers. We make every transaction pleasant, satisfactory and absolutely safe, for we will cheerfully refund any money sent us, if goods are not exactly what you desire.

Write today for our catalogue, or tell us what you would like to have us send for your examination. There is no time to lose, for very soon we will be overwhelmed with rush Christmas orders from every corner of the country. Do not wait until the rush begins.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.,
Diamond Importers and Manufacturing Jewelers,
Dept. 4-A, 92, 94, 96 and 98 State Street,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.
Opposite Marshall Field & Co.

PEACE HATH her victories, etc., etc., but even her best friends must confess her a trifle weak on the anecdotal side.



Copyright, 1902
by C. & A. R. Y.

ART CALENDAR

Four graceful poses from life; figures ten inches high, reproduced in colors. Highest example of lithographic art.

THE ONLY WAY

To own one of these beautiful calendars is to send twenty-five cents, with name of publication in which you read this advertisement, to GEO. J. CHARLTON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago & Alton Railway, 328 Monadnock Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

The best railway line between CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY and PEORIA.



One pack
Bicycle
Playing Cards
beats two pair
of poor packs.

Bicycle Cards wear well. Popular price. 29 backs. Back shown is "New Fan." Order by name. Sold by dealers.

U. S. Playing Card Co.,
Cincinnati, U. S. A.

AN EXCUSE FOR THEM.

"I don't like dramatic preachers."
"Oh! I don't know. All the world's a stage, and we can't expect the pulpit to be entirely unworldly."



A POSSIBLE REASON.

"Why is there such a difference between the salaries of horse jockeys and college presidents?"
"Oh! Well, you know, the former have horse-sense."

**"Especially the
BUFFALO LITHIA
WATER of
Virginia."**

For Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, Renal Calculi, Gout, Rheumatism and All Diseases Dependent Upon a Uric Acid Diathesis.

Samuel O. L. Potter, A.M., M.D., M.R.C.P., London, Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine and Clinical Medicine in the College Physicians and Surgeons of San Francisco, Cal., in his "Hand-Book of Materia Medica, Pharmacy and Therapeutics," in the citation of remedies under the head of "Chronic Bright's Disease," says: "Mineral waters, especially the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** of Virginia, has many advocates." Also, under "Albuminuria," he says:

George Halsted Boyland, A.M., M.D., of Paris, Doctor of Medicine, of the Faculty of Paris, in the New York Medical Journal, August 22, 1896, says: "There is no remedy as absolutely specific in all forms of Albuminuria and Bright's Disease, whether acute or chronic, as **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**, accompanied by a milk diet. In all cases of pregnancy, where albumin is found in the urine, as late as the last week before confinement, if this water and a milk diet are prescribed, the albumin disappears rapidly from the urine and the patient has a positive guarantee against puerperal convulsions."

T. Griswold Comstock, A.M., M.D., of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have often prescribed **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in Gouty and Rheumatic conditions and in Renal Calculi, accompanied by Renal Colic, and always with the most satisfactory results. In Renal Calculi, where there is an excess of Uric Acid, it is especially efficacious."

Medical testimony which defies all imputation or question mailed to any address.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by druggists and grocers generally.
PROPRIETOR BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.



SUPERBLY-TAILORED READY-TO-WEAR OVERCOATS and SUITS,

\$10, \$12, \$15, \$18, \$20, \$22.50, \$25 and upward.

There's scarcely a reliable store anywhere in the United States—a store that aims to give its customers the fullest measure of value for their money—but sells

"Michaels-Stern Fine Clothing"

Write us for further information, name of dealer in your town, and our collection "K" of fine half-tone reproductions of "Styles from Life."—FREE.

MICHAELS, STERN & CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A MORE ACCURATE DESCRIPTION.

TOURIST.—I see they are introducing the trolley here. What will the car companies do with their live stock?

NATIVE.—Well, stranger, they never had anything you could rightly call live stock, but there's a lot of old nags they'll let anybody have for a song.

MORE HARMFUL.

A cat may look upon a king;
But more, indeed, the pity
That kings in many instances
Have looked upon a kitty!

THE PUBLIC TASTE is more and more exacting. It used to be that an elocutionist was thought highly of if she could pronounce "child" in two syllables; but now she has also to be able to pronounce "program" in one syllable or she is n't reckoned at all fit.



BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

Can anyone suppose that we would double the necessary cost of our brewing without a vital reason.

Would we spend so much on cleanliness? Would we cool the beer in plate glass rooms? Would we filter all the air that touches it? Would we age it for months in refrigerating rooms? Would we filter it? Would we sterilize every bottle after it is sealed?

Can anyone suppose that it is our good — rather than your good—that we serve by it?

Schlitz

We do it to attain absolute purity—to avoid the remotest possibility of germs—to make Schlitz Beer healthful—to escape the cause of biliousness; the lack of age and proper fermentation.

Why accept a common beer—brewed without any of these precautions—when Schlitz Beer costs no more?



Your dealer may prefer to furnish a beer that pays a little more profit; but does it pay you to permit it? Isn't pure beer—Schlitz Beer—worth asking for? Ask for the Brewery Bottling.

"Standard of Highest Merit"

FISCHER PIANOS.

The embodiment of tone and art.

164 FIFTH AVENUE,
Between 21st and 22nd Streets, New York.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend
lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT

Is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. Sold by druggists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and say that you read this in PUCK.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit Cured with out inconvenience or detention from business. Write THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO. Dept. I. I. Lebanon, Ohio.

SOMETIMES a lobster conceals his true character by being very crabbed.

A TRYING MOMENT.

Morgiana had just poured boiling oil into the first jar.

"How lovely!" she murmured. "They're thirty-nine now, reduced from forty!"

Tempting, however, as the bargain was, she relentlessly went forward until the thieves did not even count "one, two, three."

FROM ALL we can learn, heatheras it should be pronounced rhymes with either as it should not be pronounced.

Health of body and strength of mind are represented in Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters—the best known tonic for blood and nerves. All druggists.



Woodbury's Facial Soap

is the soap for athletes. Cleanses every pore, tones up muscles, prevents soreness, keeps skin in perfect condition, fresh, firm, ruddy. Mild, soothng, antiseptic. 25 cts. at all dealers.

Trial size package of Soap and Woodbury's Facial Cream for 5 cents to pay postage. Address Dept. 66 THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., Sole Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE ADAGE that there is plenty of room at the top is about as comforting to the struggling masses as the conductor's dictum that there is plenty of room in front.

THE APPEARANCE of the first gray hair is a joyful event compared with its disappearance in company with other occupants of the round bald spot.

SOME PEOPLE seem to think that good government can be carried too far.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble."

"Drink of this cup—you'll find there's a spell in Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality. Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen! Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality."

A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
by time,
not artificially.

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

Sole Proprietors,
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,
Phila. & New York.
ESTABLISHED 1793.

ON THE EAST SIDE.

THE FIANCÉE.—I dunno where to get me housekeepin' things.

THE PROSPECTIVE BRIDESMAID.—Git 'em at Markdown's. If you buy yer trousseau an' yer housekeepin' things there, they'll give yer a railroad ticket to Washin'ton to spend yer honeymoon.



IMPROVED HIS BEGGING QUALITIES.

THE BULL-DOG (after the tramp's escape).—Well, there's nothing like playing the Good Samaritan, occasionally! That poor beggar should now be able to tell a better hard luck story than ever before.

Milo
The Egyptian Cigarette of Quality

AROMATIC DELICACY
MILDNESS
PURITY

At your club or dealer's

"Master thinks I'm a dandy at mixing cocktails."

CLUB COCKTAILS

YOU can do it just as well

Pour over lumps of ice, strain and serve

SEVEN KINDS BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

If you desire to make a reputation as a cocktail mixer, buy the "Club Brand," follow directions and your guests will wonder where you learned the art.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

SOCIETY.
Good Society is a body of human beings surrounded by rocks.

Persons whose heads are hard and fit do not try to butt into Good Society, as a general thing.

Only the ineffectual attempt to butt-in produces sore heads. Where people succeed, they lose their heads, mostly.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.
He.—They say he lost ten thousand dollars in pool rooms.

She.—Goodness! What a number of games of pool he must have played!

MONEY WOULD certainly buy mansions in the skies if the churches had the disposal of these.



PROOF.
KNICKER.—Do they belong to the "Four Hundred?"

BOCKER.—I think not. They have a place they call "home," and stay in it.

AFFAIRS of the heart fill up the time until men discover their stomachs.

Puck's Christmas Suggestion For Lovers of Fun

A Year's Subscription to PUCK

A fifty-two weeks' feast of Humorous Pictures, Stories and Witticisms. With CHRISTMAS CARD in Colors and Gold, containing \$5.00 NAME OF RECEIVER AND GIVER,

Address PUCK, Puck Building, New York

A TRAVELER.
"He has been all over the country, has he?"

"Oh, yes! He has even been in Guam."

THERE ARE a good many Jonahs who escape being thrown overboard.

Write for Books of Testimonials from Leading Hotels & Clubs, Cafes, Etc.

A FAILURE to appreciate his own limitations has enabled many a man to succeed in life.

SOMETIMES THERE may be a safety in numbers, but it seems more or less dangerous when two are made one.

THERE'S A MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR YOU
in every bottle of

Evans Ale

It Brings

GOOD HEALTH TO YOU AND ALL THE FAMILY

Apply to nearest dealer.



IN THE school of experience no pupil is ever crowded out for want of room.

UNHAPPILY THERE seems to be no fixed relation between the sum total of tragedy in life and the numbers of those whom a look of settled sorrow really becomes.

Exclusively for Gentlemen of Delicate Taste.

FACTORIES AT TAMPA, FLORIDA.



OFFICE: 126 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK.

OF COURSE, the Indians would have been exterminated long ago if the American small boy had been let loose at them.

THERE IS a tide in the affairs of men which taken at its ebb is deemed the fit and sufficient occasion for a tide in men themselves.

Puck's Original Drawings



The Original Drawing of any Illustration in PUCK may be bought by persons who desire

A Fine Christmas Present.
A Suitable Euchre Party Prize.
An Appropriate Picture for the Parlor, Library or "Den."

Or who wish to use them for decorative purposes generally.

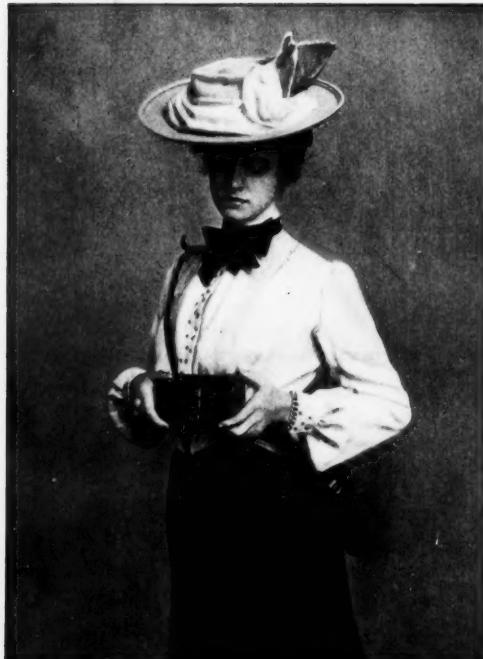
Price, Size and Character of Drawing will be sent on application.

Give number of PUCK and Page, and address

PUCK, NEW YORK.



The Kodak Way



You press the button — then do the rest.

By the Kodak system every step in picture taking and picture making is accomplished in daylight,—loading, unloading, developing, fixing, printing. The Kodak way gives better results than the old way, too.

Dark-Room Abolished

Kodaks, \$5.00 to \$75.00

Kodak Developing Machines, \$2.00, \$6.00 and \$7.50.

Ask your dealer, or write us, for the new booklet "The Kodak Way."

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y.